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# *Envy*



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AUGUST 1995  
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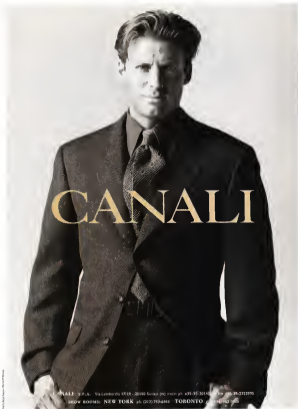


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for men



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Esquire

AUGUST 1995 VOLUME 124 NO. 2

Features

## Women We Love

48

Our eighth annual celebration, featuring Ellen Barkin, Fran Drescher, Martha Stewart, Terry McMillan, Elizabeth Hurley, Candace Gingrich, Linda Fiorentino, Pocahontas, and other women who really knock us out—we wish. Plus: Bill Zehme whispers sweet somethings to Cindy Crawford; the 1995 Woman of the Year; and a few feminine mistakes we can do without.



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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY LUTHE G. GRADZ

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the Blue Chip economist, "a leadership system that keeps you motivated and happy is the most important thing in life." —Ken Kesey, a 1960s FBI agent, admits his love of sex, drugs, his own angst, and the universal desire to have it all and have it all, today.

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## A MAN'S GUIDE TO BUYING DIAMONDS

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The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but the way to a woman's usually involves a jeweler. Just think of golf clubs, or season tickets wrapped in a little black velvet box. That's how women feel about diamonds.

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**You want a diamond you can be proud of.** So don't be attracted to a jeweler because of "bargain prices." Find someone you can trust. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. You want someone who will help you determine quality and value using four characteristics called **The 4 C's**. They are: **Color**—not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; **Clarity**—actually, close to no color is best; **Carat**—the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; **Cut**—the larger the diamond, usually the more rare. Remember, the more you know, the more confident you can be in buying a diamond you'll always be proud of.

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# Hubert

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# YVES SAINT LAURENT

*pour homme*

## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### Spruce Bruce

**F**INALLY, a cover story about Dem Moore's husband Jay McInerney's article ("Bruce Willis in the Hot Zone," May) was enlightening (Minor three points, however, for not quoting Bruce more). Although no one enjoys learning that the actor the editors won once a smart-mouthed troublemaker, I can't help being a die-hard Bruce fan. Who comes off Bruce as a little cocky and arrogant? Some of us are just suckers for good looks.

—LEE ANDREWS  
Pomona, R.I.

**T**HE CHARMERS, talented, arrogant, and crude Bruce Willis denies the "downfall of rising and falling" For the star of action movies that persist to a nation of bloodthirsty demagogues to take such a man in like delectable murder while standing over a body with a bloody knife.

—DAVID S. STEINWELL  
Albany, N.Y.

### Slackdash

**I** WOULD LIKE TO "What Makes Sunday" by Randall Rothenberg (May). Finally, a sane voice brave enough to admit that the entire held before us is not worth killing our souls for. However, Rothenberg misses the very thing that our nation finds meaning to work when he accepts the contemporary distortion of the work ethic. Originally the work ethic was rooted in a calling for one's life—a divine design that gave all of life, including work, its purpose and meaning. What we're now witnessing in North America is not so much a "nation of middle-aged slackers" as a culture hoping to buy back the soul it cashed in.

—PETER KREIBERGER  
Vancouver, British Columbia

**I** JUST FINISHED reading Rothenberg's article, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. My wife and I find ourselves in between in our early thirties—not quite baby boomers, not quite Generation Xers. We are both dissatisfied with our current jobs and lifestyle. Nothing would set us more than following in

the footsteps of Jacques Blot and David Hemmiller. Slack is calling our names.

—JAMES A. KOJIT  
Tomball, Texas

**R**OTHENBERG'S TONE throughout most of his piece is sarcastic and berating to those who have finally said they will no longer take the abuse of corporations. Only late in the article does he hit on the major problem that leads to the attitude of the so-called slackers: corporate downsizing. Still, he raises the point of what caused this downsizing—the leveraged buyout. Many of us baby boomers grew up in an era when a live wage could be expected for honest work. In the af-

termath of the early eighties, these pieces of the puzzle are no longer there. We are frustrated and angry but not lazy.

—JOSEPH P. FOWELL III  
Macon, Ga.

**I** THOUGHT I was the only one deliberately underemployed. Now, thanks to DICKENS, I find I'm part of a trend. This lifestyle is not for the lot, it takes huge amounts of conviction and inner resources. The greatest reward is time—a commodity far more valuable than money.

—ARNOLD BEASON  
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

**I**'M ONE OF THE prototype pushovers who exited, happily, from IBM back in the early nineties, when I was forty-eight. As a manager for more than two decades, I was terrified of becoming a premature cardiac patient or, as our local hospital calls them, an IBM case. I'd already lost one close friend who was forty-two and died when the ambulance arrived. Some may have viewed those who left the company as losers in the great salmon swim. But after enjoying the highest allowable performance appraisals for the final fifteen years of my career, I walked and skipped to the exit.

—ALAN BERGER  
Chappaqua, N.Y.

### Hopeless in Havana

**L**INA DARLINGA, prize "Havana in Lullabyland" (May) was splendid and tragic, but she does not mention Uncle Sam's role in reducing Cuba to a state in which its youth must pump themselves to survive. The U.S. embargo attempts to starve and subdue the Cuban people and condemn them to a life of spiritual and material impoverishment. While Cuba is waiting the gradual reforms that our government says it wants the country to make, Sen. Joe Biden's propositionally named Cuban Liberty and Democratic Solidarity Act will tighten the noose and condemn even more young folks to spend their legs for wealthy tourists.

—CHRISTOPHER P. BAKER  
Oakland, Calif.

**L**INA IMAGINE WERE AN UNDERDOG. Lapsed on the promises of Castro's Cuba. She gave her mother a new sense of the economic desperation that drives some Cuban women to do this kind of work. However, almost all the men at the article were reduced to fat, weary tourists devoid of any humanity at all. Looking in a perfectly legitimate way to make a living, whether out of economic necessity or for other reasons, and to describe the pattern in such a condescendingly narrow way is a disgrace.

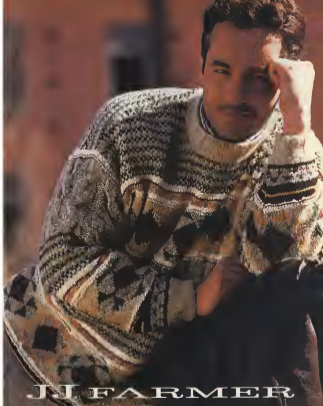
—WAYNE JOHNSON  
Seattle, Wash.

### Double Fault

**M**AETHEA SHERRILL, who wrote "Ed Muscang Andie" (May), mentioned in Backstage that she gave up tennis after an older man complained her legs during a match. I'm all for women being recognized for their talents, skills, and intellect, but haven't we gone too far when a simple observation provokes such an immature response? Let's hope Andie Agassi can take a compliment ("You handsome butt") better than Sherrill, or we may lose one of tennis's most exciting players.

—CAROLYN HEDMAN HARRIS  
Denver, Colo.

**LETTER TO THE EDITOR:** Should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, c/o The New York Times, 110 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036. We are not responsible for return of unsolicited letters. Please include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



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## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Karin  
Broberg



Randall  
Rothberg



Bill  
Zahner



David  
Solovoff



Rust  
Hills  
1974-1982

**I**LL TELL YOU what nobody knows about Cindy Crawford," says senior writer **Karin Broberg**, who pens an ode to her in this year's *Women We Love* pictorial (page 48). "I've dinner around with her, and she is a fabulous parallel parker. In fact, I'd park with her anytime."

Zahner recently finished covering *Reign* Philbin's *I'm Only One Man*, which came out of his June 1994 *Esquire* article and will be published by Hyperion in September. "Reign and Cindy work out together at Radio," says Zahner. "He's always showing off his Olympic muscles for her, which makes me kind of jealous—I love it when he poses for me."

Also writing poets over the women they love are Pulitzer prize-winning journalist **Jimmy Breslin** (poignant *Esquire* contributor **Ray Hamer Jr.**, whose book of Southern humor was published last year by Simon, Massachusetts congressman **Barney Frank**; **Mark Lesser**, whose books include *It's a Sub* and, most recently, *Book Express*); *One Day* (Harvill), and who is at work on another novel, *The Tenth of November*, **Joseph Wambaugh**, author of *The Onion Field* and *Firestorm With Joe Wambaugh*, whose next book, *The Unlabeled Out* (Hyperion), will be published early next year; **Ben Rosenbaum**, author of *Twentieth Century Death* (Viking Penguin), actor **Clayne Palmer**, who stars in the upcoming *The Usual Suspects* and in *Timid*, for which he wrote the screenplay, in September; **Ray N' the Head** director **John Sanger**, whose next film will be based on the Rosewood massacre in Florida; **John Gregory Dunne**, whose latest novel, *Hayland* (Random House), was published last year and who has just completed a screenplay with his wife, *Joan* (fiction feature designer **Bill Hamer**; *New Republic* editor **Andrew Sullivan**, whose first book, *Virtually Normal: An Argument About Homosexuality*, will be published next month by Knopf; **Paul Kravitz**, whose film version of his play *Jeff* opens this month, and contributing off-site **Philip Weiss**, whose first novel, *Calderon's de la Plante* (Simon & Schuster), was published this year.

Of course, the entire project could not have occurred without our very own *Women We Love* picture editor **Marianne Bailey**, assistant picture editor **Danielle Plon**, and picture researcher **Marjorie Webb**. Paced with all of these women, the *Virgo* Girl decided to take another month off.

Fiction editor **Rust Hills**, who reminisces about *Esquire* in the stories on page 30, has been with the magazine off and on since, he thinks, 1954. During his tenure, Hills has edited just about every writer you could imagine: Miller,ellow, Nabokov, Roth, to name-drop a few. Is there anyone he regrets not writing with? "Oh, didn't we get everybody?" asks Hills, whose *Funny Man* trilogy was published last year as one volume, *How to Do Things Right* (Doubt & Godwin).

Contributing editor **Randall Rothberg** profiles former CBS producer and now information technology player **Howard Stringer** ("Rise Old World," page 76). "The guy that everybody everybody," says Rothberg, whose book *Wonderful Women* will be published in paperback by Vintage in November. "It's What will the killer application be that will make every American want to rewire his house? And after talking to producers, programmers, investment bankers, and accountants I know what it is—The Beverly Hills."

**Karin Broberg** first encountered master cyberchef Kevin Mitnick in 1989 while covering her book *Cyberpunk*. Today, after a two-year manhunt, Mitnick sits in a North Carolina prison ("Kevin Mitnick: Unplugged," page 84). "I don't think Kevin is malicious," says Broberg, a contributing editor at *Newsweek*. "I think he's just out—usually electronically—when he is hurt by someone." Mitnick, whose latest book is *The Hana in the Bridge: A Story of Modern Germany* (Simon), is writing a history of the Internet.

Let's hope you never encounter the men in contributing editor **Ira Solovoff's** "The Last Five You'll Ever See" (page 90): ex-convicts in state prisons. A rebel chef, Solovoff has killed a chicken and a lamb, but he says he doesn't have "the emotional fortitude to put a human to death. It takes a special kind of person to do that."

Mr. Perpetua was feeling rough this month, and so **John Burt Foster** traveled to South Carolina to check in with one of the stars of the mystery genre: Mickey Spillane ("A Wild Man Project," page 100). "I don't want to run his trap," says the liberal writer, "but he's a very good man."

Finally, it is with much sadness that we bid farewell to longtime *Esquire* columnist **Stanley Rieg**. After a decade as the bard of the bourgeoisie, Rieg is leaving the magazine to write for (and make a fortune and to finish his first novel, *What Happened*, which will be published by Crown next year. We'll miss you, Riegster. But maybe now you can pick up the check. ■

GIORGIO ARMANI  
LE COLLEZIONI





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# Reality Check

## Afterlife

### The Magic Ticket Theory

**T**he Vince Foster case may not be dead yet. Last year, then independent counsel Robert Fiske ruled that the 1993 death of the White House aide was indeed a suicide, and the case was presumed closed. But now Vince Foster's role in the service of the president may get another look based on claims that Foster, who handled Bill and Hillary Clinton's personal and financial matters, had made two "domestic" one-day visits to Geneva, Switzerland, during the last years of his life and had played another for twenty days before his death. British journalist Ambrose Evans-Pritchard, Washington Bureau chief for the London Sunday Telegraph, says the paper has been shown documents verifying the trips. "The records are there," says Evans-Pritchard.

A follow-up insider says current independent counsel Kenneth Starr is considering recommending the case based on news of these assertions. What's more, another source



Foster: A limousine rider

says that several members of the Foster family who were concerned that he committed suicide are now less certain. "People were reluctant to jump on the whole conspiracy bandwagon," says the source. "But even his family is starting to say, 'Why weren't his evidence considered earlier?'"

But says we should recognize the Warren Commission

## Revenge

### How Does It Feel to Be on Your Own?

**H**ILL HATH NO KILL LIKE A woman whose husband has left her for another man. **Jane Wosner**, who was recently left by her husband of twenty-eight years, *Falling Stone* founder and editor **Alan Wosner**, for Calvin Klein music **Max By**, at least has a sense of humor—about a somewhat bitter one—about the situation. A source says that just, no doubt a



Woody Wosner? His wife's new boss

**Woody Allen** for, refers to the young man in her husband's life as "Son-It."

## Harmony

### Mistress of the Game

**S**OURCE **Bob Dea** and former education secretary **William Bennett** better get in line if they want to stay Time Warner's chairman. **Gerold Levin**, has been taking him from the two out Time Warner's selling of gangsta rap and other music that some feel promotes violence. But sources say one of the company's biggest critics is **Courtney Blye**, widow of Time Warner's first chairman and goldfish, **Steve Blye**.

The ink between Rose and Time Warner has become so pronounced, an insider says that she refuses to attend company

tribute to her husband. "Rose's crimes were on the board," says a source. "But after Steve's death, they were pushed off one by one. She says they're all a bunch of Brats." Maybe they've been listening to too much rap.



Rose: No time

## Alec Baldwin - William Baldwin = ?

**O**NE AGAIN. The Hollywood Reporter has ranked the boxoffice dead of every actor and actress imaginable (what's the last time you saw a good **Mel Gibson** movie? **James Gandolfini**), based on reports from executives, producers and distributors in the international marketplace. **Tom Cruise**, **Tom Hanks**, **Mel**



Next comes (B4) - **Timothy Dalton** (43) - **Clay Aiken** (47)

**Ray Donat** (55) - **Ray Liotta** (56) - **John Travolta** (57)

**Chuck Norris** (57) - **Phil Morris** (58) - **Steven Seagal** (59)

**Mag Ryan** (60) - **Shirley Long** (61) - **Salma Hayek** (62)

**Matt Dillon** (63) - **Rock Hudson** (64) - **Keanu Reeves** (65)



**Nicholas Cage** (66) - **Ann Arlecini** (67) - **Dina Roberts** (68) - **John Roberts** (69)

## Money

### Do Bullets Depreciate?

**T**HE NATIONAL Rifle Association needs this like it needs a hole in the head. The Internal Revenue Service is conducting a formal audit, and a source says that a likely target of the probe is **Paul O'Leary**, who has been making a bundle for the NRA, running the group's direct-mail campaign. O'Leary also happens to be close to presidential hopeful **Senator Phil Gramm**.

The NRA investigation is expected to

## Whispers

### A Very Inconvenient Woman

**N**ANCY REAGAN just can't say no to a piece of celebrity gossip. The former First Lady was having lunch with her good friend **Betty Bloomington** at the



Did you hear about that?

**Hotel Bel-Air** in Beverly Hills when the two spotted novelist **Donna Dunne** at a nearby table with Hollywood insiders **David Finck**.

"He was very sympathetic to my plight," says Finck, who is appealing her pandering conviction.

An Dunne was walking out, Bloomington gestured her to

her table. "So down" she demanded, says a source, and the two proceeded to pump him for details about the woman who is said to have arranged difficulties for some of the most industry's biggest names.

"I'm surprised she didn't call me over herself," says Finck. "They're all curious. In a way, what I did is every woman's fantasy."

Sure, who doesn't dream about being up **Charlie Sheen**?

**Gibson**, **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, and **Kurt Russell** ran the highest at box, while poor **Austin O'Brien** bottomed out at 11. But by doing a little math, you can learn a lot about the industry world. For instance, **Al Pacino** (36) - **Dustin Hoffman** (37) = 0, proving once and for all that they are the same person. Here are some other interesting equations:



**John Travolta** (24) - **Jack Palance** (25) - **John Ritter** (26) - **John Scuderi** (27) - **John Turturro** (28)



**John Travolta** (24) - **John Ritter** (26) - **John Scuderi** (27) - **John Turturro** (28) - **John Scuderi** (29)



**John Travolta** (24) - **John Ritter** (26) - **John Scuderi** (27) - **John Turturro** (28)

# Reality Check



Basquiat and Warhol love the bit.

Culture

## Bring Me the Head of Andy Warhol!

**A**T 57, **Jean-Michel Schaebel** may have just released his first CD, *Every Silver Lining Has a Cloud*, but what he really wants to do is direct. Indeed, Schaebel is behind the lens of his first film, based on the life of artist **Jean-Michel Basquiat**, who died of a heart aneurysm at the age of twenty-seven. But Schaebel will not make the same mistakes as fellow artists/actors **Robert Longo** (*Johnny Suede*) and **David Salle** (*Search and Destroy*)—he's paying attention to the details. Schaebel has recently emerged from lengthy negotiations with the Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh to allow **David Bowie**, who is playing **Andy Warhol**, to use Warhol's actual voice in the film. "Don't laugh," says a source. "They were one of a kind. Those things would be more difficult to fake than his paintings."

Jerry Seinfeld

## Let My People Grow

**R**EMAINA Tronchetti could become the **Rosa Parks** of her time. Under the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the inspiring model recently filed an employment discrimination suit against a number of defendants including **Dennis Kucinich**, **George Armas**, **Karl Lagerfeld**, **Ralph Lauren**, and **Clash** (*Vogue*). First and foremost, Tronchetti is a model. The cause of her suit: "Between the dates of 1/1/94-1/1/95, defendant did not hire me [as a model]. I was informed that they do not hire anyone under 18." I believe that I am being regarded as disabled because my height is not within normal range of my job description."

His word is whether **Berry Schock** will take the case.

Religion

## In L. Ron We Trust

**T**HE CHURCH of Scientology plays hardball. Los Angeles lawyer **Graban E. Berry** recently won a legal confrontation with the church, but the fight isn't over. The Scientologists dropped a \$1 million suit against Berry's client in part because the lawyer subpoenaed celebrity Scientologists **Jennifer Lewis**, **Kelly Preston**, and **Joan Ryan** to testify. When the celebrities balked, Scientology officials complained that the "persecutors" were being subjected to "blatant harassment and sabotage," and dropped the case. But shortly afterward, Berry was informed that a private investigator had collected a file on him.

"They were

accusing me of being a homosexual," Berry said in a deposition, adding that a Scientology official "blew me a kiss, threw a drink at me, and said I might be seeing it that weekend." A church official denies these incidents and says of the investigation, "Berry perceived the legal system as such an extreme that we wanted to find out what the heck makes that guy tick." "What an unswerving," says Berry, "is not what the investigators discover it's what they might manufacture and the way in which they may question relatives, friends and clients. The more asking of a question can suggest certain things." Berry, like what's the deal with **Michael and Lisa Marie**?

Literature

## Burying the Hatch

**T**WO REPUBLICANS and their wacky book deals. Senate **Orin Hatch** could be headed toward a **Newt Gingrich**-like publishing controversy. Several sources say that the powerful head of the Senate Judiciary Committee has been quietly talking to publishers about writing a book, and because of his name, the Utah senator could pull in a seven-

figure advance. Hatch's office wouldn't comment. But, a source points out, most publishers are now part of larger companies that are involved in regulatory negotiations with the government. "[Publishers] don't want to be accused of the sort of conflict of interest charges that were leveled against **Robert Murdoch** [whose HarperCollins bought



Hatch: Very bookish.

Gingrich's books]," says the source. "Even if he writes fiction, which he's considering, there may be problems." But that's for **Michelle Kachama** to decide. ■



# MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC



MEDIA

## Bearing the Standard

There's a new conservative publication in Washington, new conservative leading men on the marquee (*Meet Phil*), and now, a new conservative magazine to explain it all for us. Founded by William Kristol (son of intellectual living),

John Podhoretz (son of intellectual Norwester), and Fred Barnes (we're betting his dad was smart, too), the weekly, to debut in September, will be called *The Standard*. Not since Moses Maimonides called his tome a *Guide for the Perplexed* has a title conveyed such scholarly certainty.

But why not? *The Standard* obviously seems likely to succeed. For one thing, it has Kristol, currently the most respected proponent of Big Think in the Republican Brain Trust. In 1993, when GOP legislators were trying to compromise on a health-care plan, it was Kristol who dragged his arguments across the blackboard and reminded the opposition party to be in opposition. Clinton hasn't had a good day since.

Now Kristol and his comrades-in-arms have created this outlet for conservative opinion. Not that there's any shortage, but Podhoretz says *The Standard* will differ

from the *National Review* and other conservative magazines. "They have certain assumptions," he says. "We want to be less distant and more involved. We want to be the voice of a new political era."

As it happens, the *Standard* team are: barbed by *Illegals*, Murdoch, who, among many, many media windfalls, publishes those Page 4 girls on Fleet Street and broadcasts *Monday Night Children* here and abroad. Would they have a



The host and the rightists: Barnes, Kristol, and Podhoretz

problem if, at some great gathering of the Murdoch family of interests, they were asked to sit for photos with Al and Big Bunsdy?

"It doesn't work like that," Podhoretz assures. "But I wouldn't mind posing with *Cherous Applejacks*."

—JAMES MANGANOWSKI

Going East: One of only 213 F50's sold for years for half a million—Barn's delivery, not here



DESIGN

## Ferrari's Ferocious New Face

CREATING a new Ferrari is an exercise in virtuosity whose justification is similar to mountain climbing's:

because it can be done. No Ferrari has demonstrated that more dramatically than the swoopy new Pininfarina-styled F50, with deep, flared nostrils in front, loopy, star-shaped wheels, and a red-and-black interior. In Ferrari's best tradition, the F50 is a Formula One car for the street—to race or collect. The

company will produce just 349 of them, at \$525,000 apiece, U. S.

The same mastery Italian artists have for centuries applied to marble, fresco, or cold-rolled body steel has now been turned to the high-tech chain mail of carbon fiber—black, stealth-fighter stuff that makes possible a chassis that is a single piece, as in an F-One car. As in a race car, too, the suspension is linked directly to the 520-horse V-12 so it becomes an integral structural element. Displayed proudly under a clear Lexan cover, it becomes an integral sculptural one as well.

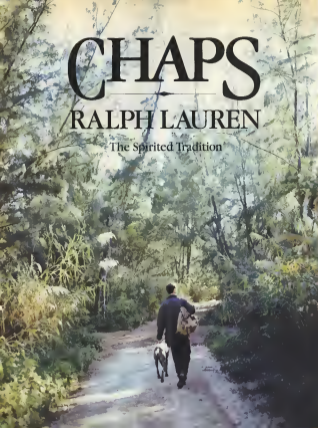
It takes a while to notice that the engine is also visible from the back. With a subtler artistry, the rear panel has been made lucidly transparent, like a theater scrim, so that the engine looms in dramatic silhouette somewhere behind the insignia of the Ferrari stallion, rampant in chrome.

—PHIL PATTON

# CHAPS

RALPH LAUREN

The Spirited Tradition



# When We Were Young

**F**ARTHOUS readers, I address those—especially those of those who were reading *Esquire* in the late 1950s and throughout the incredible 1960s. Was you with us back then? I was actually there! “There” being the fourth-floor offices of the curvet/corvus building at 480 Madison Avenue, the exact corner of the world then—as it seemed to us. Those long gone days when I worked at the red-hot center of 1960s tumultuality have been brought alive for me again by reading Carol Polsgrove’s *A Miami Party, Felix, But Didn’t We Have Fun?* (Norton), a history of *Esquire* in the 1960s.

I recall Polsgrove, who has been researching us for years, that she secretly fell in love with the one man she couldn’t interview—the man who was our chief editor and guiding genius in those years. Harold Hayes, who died in 1989. Hayes is clearly the hero of her narrative.

Polsgrove describes how a cadre of us youthful editors entered onto 1960. Clay Felton (later to invent *New York*) and Ralph Ginsburg (Dino, Aunt Guido) competing with Hayes for the managing editor’s office, which was deliberately left vacant, surprisingly enough by publisher Arnold Gingrich. Hayes won it, the others left the tale of Hayes’s memorable assignments—dispatching John



Sack and Michael Herr to Vietnam, Mailer to the JFK convention, Genet and Burroughs to the turbulent 1968 Chicago convention. Talent in person. Success and Disillusion—and all his conversations that we handle each subject in the unique *Esquire* way. His colossus clash with management and his departure in 1973 are recounted step by dolorous step. All very and final of us era and all that.

*Esquire* had a must-see tone that many found obscure. The reason the magazine was so outrageously known-it all was that the editors felt they knew it all. Robert Benton and David Newman knew what was in or out and prepared illustrated tests imparting their discernments to the readers. Tom Holley knew everything that was happening in New York—he’d even attend the

dreadful, stupid happenings way downtown. As fiction editor, I know everything about the American Literary Establishment and pursued a chat of it, arrogantly but accurately placing some (James Baldwin, Joseph Heller) in the “Hot Center” and exiling others (Norman Corwin, Brooks Atkinson) to “Squareville.” We got out and around-in late one party every night—and had lunches block off our months in advance. We’d gossip about it all in the coffee line each morning, and over drinks in Hayes’s office in the late afternoon. In the 1960s, you’ll recall, there was so much happening that even smart-asses had to scurry just to stay abreast. It



**Our back pages:** Hayes and Gingrich (left), Genet and Burroughs of the Chicago 1968 dream team, with ally Allen Ginsberg (above), new journalist Tom Wolfe.

sometimes seems that *Esquire* in that era was the product of a marriage made in heaven, or maybe in hell. The outrageousness of the time, even the *Avatar* of the time, was all just reprocessed, somehow, as great material for the magazine.

Of the book’s somewhat odd title, the author says she composed a herself “in the spirit of *Esquire*.” But did we have fun?

While the *Esquire* loss of Hayes in the office, that’s the time that does seem always so many controversy. Hayes was usually poised off about something (plus, rightly),

and there were contentions—between Tom Wolfe and Dwight Macdonald, between Gore Vidal and Bill Buckley and so on, and the George Low covers (usually afforded someone or other, and management was always trying to keep Hayes from doing some preposterous thing, and meanwhile, Hayes himself was always pushing the stuff for more, more, more. It was fun, but some of it wasn’t poetry, that’s also for sure.

—REUT HILLS



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## MOVIES

# Ode to Oblivion

**A**CTORS CAN BE as undeniably outgoing," says Tim DiCillo. "It's almost like in alcohol—they'll do anything to get that drink." DiCillo would leave. A veteran of NYU's film school, he met Jim

Forrester there and won the cinematographer for *Shogun* (1980). Later, he worked and observed life on dozens of sets. Now, in *Larry in Oblivion*, an ingeniously plotted, richly detailed ode to the perks and foibles of his chosen craft, director DiCillo gets director payback. In the person of a yellow star passing the art of a low-budget movie (James Le Gros is the hero), he's dreamed up a role that dramatizes and dissects creative power politics.

Steve Barncroft, as the long-suffering director who



**Dreams and nightmares:** Barncroft and Le Gros (left) and Keener brilliantly spoof life on-set in *Oblivion*, director DiCillo (right).

deals with this walking, talking nightmare, is an absurdly appealing figure—unplanned, proper, Homer Simpson shoppes, and all—even when he's ragged on swampy mood ground, caught in the act of sneaking his leading lady Catherine Keener, to an effort to soothe his star's inflated ego.

Not the least of the pleasures

of *Oblivion* is watching the radiant Keener carry off the delicate task of acting as if she's pretending to act, then up the ante and persuade us in an instant that we are dropping the cliche and spent of real acting. We catch the high that's addressed DiCillo as surely as it has his quantic star ego.

—Ben Dickerson

## HARDWARE

# Takeout TV

**T**HE ESSENTIAL fact of television these days is its ubiquity. It's everywhere you turn: at the grocery-store checkout line, in the airport lobby, on the airline seat-back in front of you. Take radio before it, television has become inescapable. TV has long boasted of being able to take you anywhere. Now you can take it anywhere.

The latest innovation in sets reflects this state of affairs. Sony's V-22 Watchman (S200) hangs from your neck like a pendant, its Strapman (trademark, you can be sure) representing another sign of our increasing intimacy with technology. The Watchman LCD-01, by contrast, suggests a personal computer. It possesses the shape, sharpness, and chic of a powerful laptop, and its four-inch screen is Thin Film Transistor active matrix, the same stuff of laptop screens. With its eighty-plus thousand pixels, you can read the scores on the screen, the company boasts, not just watch the players. Inputs allow you to view signals from a camcorder or a VCR as well as broadcasts or cable. Total weight eleven ounces. Price \$799.95.

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## TRAVEL

# A '55 Cadillac on Route 66

**Y**OU FIND yourself lumbering along a red-dirt road in a toothy cherry '55 Cadillac, and it's sug, drinkable, roadside, not the thick glass windows Route 66 is way behind you, and the sunset is making into the car's huge, glossy hood. Your eyes fix for uncomfortable lengths of time on the hood ornament, the door-knobs, the captain's seating wheel. And pretty soon again—or was that an hour?—the desert fauna and its color and sage give way to dramatic red buttes and cliffs. The sky is indigo-blue.

The car's paint job—finger-ten on top, Proton Beige on diamond-plate polish in the evening light. Tad Person bought the car in Tulsa a few years ago, along with five other '55 Cadillacs that were sitting in some old guy's backyard. "I saw them all lined up," he says, "all those softlights and fins. And my heart pounded." Once in a while, you may find yourself wondering why you've hired Person as your driver and guide, why you've accepted something as ridiculous as his screwy road shows, the American Dream Safari. Everything

is so loose, so hopelessly ungritty. His cooking isn't up to Martha Stewart standards. He hasn't anything too rugged or contrived. He likes back roads, not highways. He might get lost. He's in his early forties, reminds one of Dennis Hopper, has lived and worked all over the world (and now lives happily in McPherson, Kansas, his hometown), and seems capable of handling anything gracefully in other words, Person likes challenges, the unexpected. He leaves room for drama in the trip.

And you'd better be that sort of person, too. Adventure has low-key. Cannot but not too full of questions. Somebody who enjoys stonemasonry, asking up local color and local characters. While Person can philosophize about current events and books (he likes the Beats, Peter Matthiessen, Ken Kesey, Cormac McCarthy), he also understands the beauty of being quiet. "Sometimes it's better if people

don't talk too much," he says. He loves taking groups of six or eight trips through the Southwest—up to two weeks for the full Down Southwest Tour—indicating in the car and sampling Timbuctoo, Sedona, the Grand Canyon, Santa Fe. You sleep in funky motels, eat in ancient coffee shops and dark places with pool tables. You stay in hotels sometimes, too, or in a tent. And once in a while, you get to sleep in the back of a '55 American sedan, a Bubble edition, which the Cadillac has been pulling the whole time. For all this, lodging and meals and transportation, you pay only a day-or more if you opt for the full and complete Tour, as Person calls it. (Call 800-999-9999 for full details.)

This fall, he starts the Blues Pilgrimage—traveling slowly from New Orleans to Chicago, during the juke joints, festivals, birthplaces, pool halls, and, as he puts it, "that ever-elusive spiritual moment." You can join in for a few days or a whole month.

The Blues Pilgrimage is about culture," he says. "The Southwest trip is about architecture and landscape, and passing through it. It's like, I don't know the C.J. trail. It's always happening, all the time, and you can taste it or not."

It's the kind of holiday you get in the narrow winter and like even more. The car runs and trailer looks like you were at you from the sidewalks of small towns. The red dirt, the shadows, the mountains in Texas. The tiny towns there in Chama, New Mexico—run by a woman at the Route Hotel. Waking up inside the cozy trailer one morning and seeing American Indian ruins just lost away in a canyon wall. The Sunday night use all the gas stations were closed. All of it.

—MARTHA STEWART



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—MOLLY D. CULLIGAN, Charleston, S.C.

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Mike Lupica

# The Unnatural

He's not exactly a splendid splinter, but Tony Gwynn may be the best pure hitter since Ted Williams

IT IS TWO O'CLOCK in the afternoon in a small room off the visitors' clubhouse. It could be any visitors' clubhouse, but this one happens to be at Shea Stadium. The game between the San Diego Padres and the Mets is still nearly six hours away, but Tony Gwynn's workday is about to begin. Gwynn is in a slump. He is six for forty-three, and it is the worst slump he has had in years. So he will be out in a few minutes with the earliest of the Padres' early hitters. The hitter is baseball whose swing usually needs the least work is now working on it harder than anyone on his team. Or in his sport. But first, he is having some lunch. You have to say this about Tony Gwynn: His figure has always looked as lush as his batting average. This many hits haven't come out of this round a body since Babe Ruth.

His sandwiches are gone. There are still a few potato chips left, and a soft drink. And above him, on a color television set only he is watching, is the NCAA women's softball championship game between UCLA and the University of Arizona. Gwynn is watching the game as if it were the World Series of the bag leapers, not fast-pitch women's softball. He may be shaped like the Babe, but he is a student of the art of hitting—the artist as student—the way Ted Williams was.

One of the young women on the television feeds a pitch off.

"Head pulled off the ball," he says out loud.



Tony Gwynn aims for four hits.

Now the young woman, a left-handed batter wearing a UCLA uniform, swings and misses.

"Stay back," Tony Gwynn says.

He turns around and sees me watching him. Caught talking to himself about hitting. It probably happens a lot. Gwynn smiles.

"Well, you've got to stay back," he says.

He goes back to the screen. His left hand already reaches into the bag for any potato chips he might have missed. They're gone. He looks over at the clock and sees that it is 2:15. Almost time to get dressed in his workout clothes for early batting practice.

The pitcher wheels into her windmill underhanded delivery, and now the left-handed hitter from UCLA seems to get all of the pitch, hitting it high and deep toward left-center field.

Tony Gwynn, already late in baseball long before his first official at bat of the day, jumps out of his chair.

"Get out!" he yells. "Get out!"

The ball is caught on the warning track. The sign behind the center fielder says 155 mph. The young woman from UCLA needed about ten more feet than that.

Gwynn walks out of the room toward his corner locker, nodding his head, as if he has seen something life-affirming. On ESPN's taped broadcast of the softball game.

"Wrong track, but right swing," he says. "She stayed back that time."

Gwynn smiles again. "Well, I could," he says. His right knee is sore, and that has thrown off his swing. His batting average, which soared to .364 last season in the year in which baseball seemed before everything was ruined with a strike, is down to .306. It would be a terrific number for just about everybody except Wade Boggs and Gwynn. (Boggs's lifetime batting average is .335, the highest of any active player's. Gwynn's is .315.) But he's struggling now at .306, and people are actually beginning to feel sorry for him.

On the way to Gwynn's locker, I ask him if he can remember



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## THE SPORTING LIFE

the last time he won was for forty-three "Nations night-night," Gwynn says right away. "I was hitting 250 at the All-Star break."

"Then what happened?"  
"Another hitting championship happened," Tony Gwynn says.

WHEN THE BASEBALL season ended last August, people mentioned Ken Griffey Jr. and Matt Williams because they were chasing many one home runs, which is still the single most glamorous number to chase in all of sports. Then came also people who mentioned the loss of Tony Gwynn's shot at 400, another magic number. But Gwynn is a singles hitter. A doubles hitter. A hitter and not a slagger. And next to all the guys who routinely put the ball into the parking lot, Gwynn got lost. It has only happened for his empty career.

He made it to the World Series in 1994 with the Padres. He has not come close since. For years, Jack Murphy Stadium in San Diego has become one of the empty spots of baseball. Seven thousand a game. Ten thousand a game.

Sometimes fifteen on the weekends. They've even put cameras in front of the seats in the upper deck so the ballpark won't look so empty. That is "Tony Gwynn's stage. It is the only one he has ever known. He is a headliner who has worked in a lounge during one of the most elegant careers a player could have. "You deserve a bigger stage," I tell Gwynn in front of his locker.

"I hear that every time I make this East Coast trip," he says. "I hear how underappreciated I've been. But I don't look at it that way. I'm flattered that people feel that way about me. But I play baseball because I love playing baseball. Baseball's my stage."

Tony Gwynn turned thirty-five in May, and he is coming off the dream season of his career—the season when he chased Ted Williams, the last man to hit 400, into August and wanted to chase him all the way. Tony Gwynn has hit over 300 for twelve consecutive seasons in the big leagues. The only time he did not was 1991, his rookie season, when he played fifty-four games and hit .267. He has won five National League batting

championships. He has hit over 300 four different times, has had more than two hundred hits in a season four times, and certainly would have done so again last season were it not for the strike.

He is one of the greatest pure batters who have ever lived, a brilliant right fielder and a gentleman of the game. He came out of San Diego State in 1980 and has stayed in that city for his whole career, even though there have been chances for him to leave as a free agent. Gwynn says there is no guarantee that if he left for another team, he would end up in the World Series, because he has been around long enough to know there are no guarantees about anything.

"What does one is trying to be perfect," he says.

And his idea of perfection has always been to hit .400.

He calls it "four balls."  
"I've wondered my whole life if I could be consistent enough across a whole season to get to four balls and then stay there," Gwynn says. "I wondered if I could make my run."

Last summer, he made his run. No

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consist League pitching didn't stop him. Gwynn, stopped himself, because he was along with the strike the way everybody else did. He hit his last when the strike came. He felt he would have been over 400 in a couple of weeks, certainly by the end of September. Then he would have found out if he could have stood in these games, the pressure, the kind of media scrutiny he has now known in San Diego—and, of course, the legend of Ted Williams.

But he went on strike and never came back and stayed at 394 forever.

**O**NE YEAR AFTER chasing four balls, Tony Gwynn goes into the batting cage and tries to move his bat. It's a happy day from those hills. He has a happy kid's face. Somehow in his blue practice shorts, he looks even rounder than usual. He winks down the tunnel toward the visitors' dugout and then into the brilliant sunburst of the empty ballpark. Another empty

ballpark for Gwynn. Another stage like that. He is used to them by now.

He gets into the bench's box and lays down a bat, then another one, and then lays a single over an imaginary shortstop's head into left field. Staying back, of course.

After all the early hitting on this Tuesday afternoon, Gwynn goes out and gets two hits in his first two times up.

The next afternoon, Gwynn will get three more hits, his square Mike pitching. All of a sudden, on for forty-three has turned into five hits in two games, and Tony Gwynn is moving away from the low three hits.

The day before, Ted asked him if with the short season in ball—half games because of the strike—he will be able to go for 400 again. After all, it's unlikely that anyone can go for sixty-one home runs with eighteen fewer games, but he will get more than enough at home and could make another run.

"Someone will have a special ser-

son," he said, "even in a short season."

Maybe it will be him. If it is not, he will not change. He will continue to work, the way Cal Ripken Jr. works at getting himself ready to play at such a high level after more than two thousand straight games. The way Don Mattingly continues to work, even through a bad back—and now a virus that has attacked his eyes this season—has stopped him of the stats due since with a vector returns to record the meaning of a couple of San Diego guys who managed to put a few balls into play ("Two just glad to see everybody know that San Diego still produces great hitters," Williams says at one point in the conversation).

Williams was the whole package, a man capable of hitting 400, as he did in 1941, and hitting 500 lifetime home runs. He would have had more, a lot more, if his career had not been interrupted by World War II and then the Korean War. Then, after the war, Williams was capable of hitting 360 in the age of thirty-one, one of the most singular hitting feats of those all.

Gwynn says "Our son was born in 1961, and my wife, Alicia, and I went going video cameras like now says, the way all new parents. And then one night in 1979, I was on a road trip, and I was in a slump, like the one I'm having now. The last stop was St. Louis. Before the last game, I called Alicia and asked her if she could set the tapes and tape the game so I could watch it when I got home.

"Anyway I had another bad game, and when I got home, I just dropped any bags and went looking for the tapes, because I wanted to see what I was doing wrong. And as soon as I saw myself, I was able to figure out. Alicia and I have been doing it ever since."

His wife still tapes all the games, all of the bats. When he is on the road, he tapes them himself. But Gwynn has said more than once that by now, his wife knows his swing as well as anybody.

During the first game against the Mets, Gwynn was still going to bad that he took a called third strike. He didn't like being called out and he didn't like when the pitch was, and that night when he got back to the hotel, he was still stressed.

His wife brought it up before he said "You know that pitch you got called out on?" she said.

Gwynn started to blush about the call again, as if the home-plate umpire had been confirmed in on his long-distance call to San Diego.

His wife said, "Well, I've got news for you, it was a strike."

**T**HERE WAS A NIGHT LIKE WARMER when Ted Williams invited Gwynn to an event at the Ted Williams Museum in Hialeah, Florida. Bob Costas was the host for the big dinner, and when it was over, he, Williams, and Gwynn went to a nearby Italian restaurant to tap a segment for Costas's syndicated radio program. A friend of Costas's happened to be there with a video camera to record the meeting of a couple of San Diego guys who managed to put a few balls into play ("Two just glad to see everybody know that San Diego still produces great hitters," Williams says at one point in the conversation).

Williams was the whole package, a man capable of hitting 400, as he did in 1941, and hitting 500 lifetime home runs. He would have had more, a lot more, if his career had not been interrupted by World War II and then the Korean War. Then, after the war, Williams was capable of hitting 360 in the age of thirty-one, one of the most singular hitting feats of those all.

Gwynn, of course, has been known as a singles hitter in his shortened 1994 season, he hit twelve home runs, and that was a lot for him.

Williams says that all baseball history has been made from the middle of the plate in Gwynn has made his own history from the middle of the plate. Williams believed in getting and making the last Gwynn believed in pecking the ball the other way. On this night in Hialeah, Ted Williams and Tony Gwynn—the inside third of home plate and the outside third—made a marvelous meeting in the middle.

Gwynn wears a green suit, a white shirt, and a tie. He has glasses on. He looks as nervous as a kid called in for a conference with the guidance teacher at school. He is clearly having a good time and occasionally breaks out into nervous laughter. But on his own receding of the night, Gwynn admits, Ted's ask questions sometimes and Ted knows the answers, but Ted is so nervous, Ted has trouble getting the words out right away.

Williams, his gray hair caudally styled and a red sport shirt open at the collar, his long glasses hanging around his neck and his cane in his hand, and he is thoroughly enjoying himself. There is no one who has ever been able

to speak as intelligently about hitting as Ted Williams. And perhaps there has never been a kinder better able to listen more unjudgmentally than Gwynn.

Costas asks both of them questions to begin the interview and then one back and just lets them go.

"Gwynn, all certainly a recognition with the fact," Williams says, "I've always said that I'm a bigger hitter when he wants to. Then he goes 'But I have to tell you, the first time I ever saw him, I didn't think he was kind of chunky.'"

Gwynn tells Williams that the first book on baseball he ever read was Williams's *The Science of Hitting*. Gwynn tells him that at first, he wasn't as drawn to the words as he was to the pictures, one of them a diagram of the strike zone.

As their talk continues, Williams says around and suddenly says, "What you get underneath the ball, do you think he's early or late?"

Gwynn pauses. "I'd say late."

Williams beams. "I'd say late, too!"

Tony Gwynn, lifetime hitting average of .333, seems so happy to have come up with the right response for Ted Williams that you think he might beg him.

At the end of the night, Williams leaves himself out of his chair and leans on his cane. He shakes Gwynn's hand and says, "If you ever hit 400, Ted, be late."

The last 400 later in history walks out of the restaurant, knowing the home who had hit 394 the season before, strong, these, watching him go.

Months later, in New York, approaching another baseball summer, Tony Gwynn says, "Wouldn't it be something? If I ever did go to 400 and he really was to see it?"

That night's videotape is filed with all of the others. It is one more thing to drive Gwynn, to keep him going. Two has this night. Three the next day. The following Sunday, Tony Gwynn went four for four. It was the twenty-sixth four for four of his career. The week had begun badly. Now the hitting average was .361 and the evening and summer was just beginning. Maybe because it was over, he could chase four balls again. Maybe Ted Williams really would come out on the full right to watch him. One San Diego later meeting on another.



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## MONEY TALKS

Christopher Byron

# To Win, You Have to Play

The Esquire Portfolio—or how to get from zero to \$600,000 in twenty-five years

**I**HAVEN'T BEEN THE SLIGHTEST idea why the stock market has rocketed up since January, adding more than 15 percent to the value of the Dow Jones average in a mere six months. And I have no idea, whether, by the time you read this, the market will have gone still higher, crashed, or gone sideways. What I do know is that you've got to be in the market to make any money and that nearly everyone who stays in it long enough comes out a winner, no matter how much prices gyrate in the meantime.

In past columns, I've made the point that middle-income baby boomers have no choice but to take responsibility for their long-term financial well-being. Social Security benefits are no longer one of life's constants; neither are corporate retirement plans. Even the days of FDIC-insured bank deposits may be coming to an end. That leaves just about one place to put your money: the stock market.

Mutual funds—which pool the money of tens of thousands of small savers and invest it in huge portfolios of securities—are the place you want to be. Think of a government-insured CD or Treasury bond; well-managed mutual funds are among the least-risky investment opportunities available and among the most profitable—if you invest in them wisely. We're going to tell you how to do just that.

Over the years, mutual funds have proved to be handsomely rewarding. Between January, 1985, and the beginning of this year, the S&P

500, for example, have yielded 15.5 percent annual growth. If, instead, in 1985 you'd bought the top five "no-load" common stock growth funds and held them, you'd have an impressive 15.95 percent annualized return on your money.

How much is 15.95 percent? Compounded tax free in an IRA or Keogh account, it produces an absolute investment of money. Say you're thirty-five years old and decide to invest \$10,000, tax-deferred through your IRA or Keogh, in a thirty-year zero-coupon bond that currently pays 7 percent annually. Thirty years from now, you'd collect \$75,235. If you'd instead in the S&P 500 you'd have wound up with just over \$125,000. A lot of money, you think?

Let's say you'd invested the same \$10,000 in a portfolio of mutual funds that returned 15.95 percent. On your sixty-fifth birthday, you'd stand to collect—see you really?—\$94,000. Had you added \$5,000 a year to your stash along the way, your \$10,000 of invested capital, compounded tax free, would've ballooned to about \$1.1 million!

Imagine that you work for another five years and don't retire until seventy. Your account would then hold \$1.9 million. Put it this way: You won't be using our food out of a can.

But how do you pick a well-diversified portfolio of funds when there are more than 2,500 to choose from? Actually, only about 3.1 percent of them are devoted to common stocks, the rest invest in bonds, Treasury notes, and exotic derivatives. Moreover, of the common-stock funds, some 1,150 are "load" funds, which let investors with sales commissions of 2 to 6 percent, either when they buy into a fund or, later, sell out. Yet these load funds typically perform no better than the no-loading no-load funds, which charge no commission at all.

But 1,150 no-loads are still a big universe, so how do you choose? Well, the best, most sophisticated and user-friendly research on mutual funds comes from Morningstar in Chicago.

### Morningstar's Esquire Portfolio

FUND	QUANTITATIVE	PERFORM. RATING	PERF. INDEX	PERF. RATIO	PERF. RATIO
Index Fund I	Corporate/govt	9.6%	★★★★	4.02	425-2506
Benjamin & Bernstein Guardian	Growth and income	16.37	★★★★★	\$3.68	\$77-8598
Strong Discovery	Aggressive growth	16.6	★★★★	16.62	305-3039
Scudder International	Foreign stock	7.3	★★★	16.71	225-2470



## MONEY TALKS

This research house maintains what is, for individuals at least, the most thorough mutual-fund database in the world. You can buy its monthly newsletter for \$19 a year, or you can shell out \$75 a year for its top-of-the-line product, a software-driven database of every mutual fund Morningstar monitors, updated monthly and mailed to you on a CD-ROM. Because of its expense, I asked Morningstar to draw up a model portfolio for the typical Esquire reader—someone in his or her mid-to-late thirties, with kids, good career prospects, a healthy five-figure income, and a willingness to salt away, oh, 15,000 a year toward retirement two to three decades down the road.

Building such a portfolio can get pretty complicated—if you let it. But we put our thumb on the thumbprint and untied a down-to-earth "asset allocation" formula, recommended by *Consumer Reports*. Take your age (we'll say 40), subtract it from 100, allocate the result, as a percentage of your portfolio, to stock funds, then put the rest in bonds, reserving 10 percent in a money-

market fund for emergencies. We also agreed that any fund in the portfolio should have at least a five-year track record of proven performance.

What Morningstar came up with is a well-thought-out and relatively conservative portfolio. It diligently followed over the next twenty-five years, so recommendations could well yield a retirement pot worth more than \$500,000. We'll call it the Esquire Portfolio.

Says Susan Pollak, managing editor of Morningstar's *Investor*: "This is a carefully diversified portfolio that has earned investors an average of more than 10 percent annually since 1990 and can be cranked out to month around a lot in price, month in month, no matter what the market does in a week."

We put the entire \$100,000 bond allocation into the Benham Bond I fund, and for a good reason: The fund has lower-than-average management expenses, an impressive AA credit rating, and plenty of high-yield bonds and notes on its books. It also has a four-star Morningstar rating, meaning that it consistently produces among the best

returns, relative to the rules it takes, of any bond fund in the industry.

After placing \$50,000 in a money-market fund, we split the remaining \$50,000 equally among the Benham Guardian Fund, the Strong Discovery Fund, and the Scudder International Fund. Guardian, which typically seeks a balance between capital growth and dividend yields, was chosen for its history of tracking the movement of the S&P 500. To offset any potential downturn in the portfolio, Strong Discovery—an aggressive growth fund—was added to its track record of digging up stocks that rise in value whether the overall market goes up or not. Finally, Scudder was included to give the portfolio an overseas counterweight to the performance of the American market.

Well, so starts this star-forward research investment portfolio in six months. My bet is this: If the stock market is down, this portfolio won't be down quite as much. If the market is up, this portfolio will be up at least as much and maybe a bit more. Given enough time, this is how you make real money in

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MEN'S CHOICE

# WOMEN WE LOVE

*WOMAN OF THE YEAR: The prosecutor never rests*

## MARCIA CLARK

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LANGE

**H**E IS THE ONLY DEFENDANT I ever wanted to see get convicted. Therefore, I must love Marcia Clark. Usually, I hate all prosecutors. They all start out speaking for the people, but often wind up as big-money defense lawyers for the same kind of men they used to put in jail. Drug prosecutors, particularly, are always auditing for the underworld. The finger of suspicion they pointed so freely suddenly turns and points back at them. If instead of going into open crime they go into politics, their ugly view of life puts a stain everywhere they look. New York has a former prosecutor as its mayor, and he turns out to be a cheap little paranoid with the vision of a squid.

I don't think Marcia Clark will quit her job to defend the next O. J. Simpson. Early in the trial, she showed up in a very short skirt and curly hair. The whole place said that proved she was just another frivolous woman. Across from her sat O. J. Simpson, who was charged with almost cutting off his ex-wife's head and slashing a young guy to bits. Everyone said he dressed nice.



Many around the trial also said that Marcia Clark should have kept the proceedings a level above the squalor and depravity of the crime. Instead, she was forced into as many low-class arguments that she wound up in a very low-class trial. It's a double murder, and to some people that means you are supposed to have a wife in the room.

The defense lawyer Johnnie Cochran called her hysterical, and she did just what he wanted her to do. She got hysterical and called him every name he could think of.

Then another of Simpson's attorneys asked something that got her mad. "There is no lawyer with half a brain, with an IQ above five, who would not have known that such a question was improper," she said.

She was white-hot and shrill, that being the word everybody uses when any woman argues above a whisper.

One day in the courtroom, she had a private conversation with the lawyer, my friend Barry Schock, and said something that put him in shock. "Here's what we'll do," she said. "We'll stand up here in front of the whole country and let everybody know what we really think of each other. I'll say that you're a lying..... and you'll say that I'm a doorknob."

She said two very bad words. That calmed him down. "Do you know what the real trouble with Marcia Clark is?" one of the defense attorneys asked me.

"No."

"She is obsessed with winning."

Another said, "She doesn't know how to be gracious."

She's trying to convert a guy for murder and they want her to be a humane scoring people.

She is a chain-smoker who drinks with cops. She works at murder. Would they like her better if she were out drinking with corporate lawyers?

But how regardless life in Los Angeles like it does nowhere else. Not long ago, there was a party at the home of Ray Stark, a movie producer. Marcia Clark walked in and turned everybody's head. They wanted a movie, and a movie needs a star. A Hollywood guy who was there told me, "She was sweet and smart and beautiful. She was so smart. She was so funny. I loved her."

"Did you spend much time with her?" I asked.

"Well, I said hello," he said.

She is terrible at husbands. Apparently, she found two of them at the Church of Scientology. You should never speak ill of somebody's religion, but the next time she looks for a man she might pore through a lot of rooms. The first husband was a movie producer who didn't want to pay for her law school. That broke up the marriage. She wasn't going to be another Staten Island girl waiting for her husband to bring home somebody else's money. His best friend accidentally shot him in the head, and he now lives in Tel Aviv with his mother. Marcia's old mother-in-law wants to sue O. J. Simpson walk.

The second husband says that she told him she wanted a divorce on Christmas morning, 1993, when they were driving with their kids to his parents' home. He still screams about it. Her friends say, "What did he want her to do, wait until they were opening the presents?"

When I first saw her walk into the courtroom in Los Angeles, her skirt was so short that I wondered myself, for an attorney's mother, what that was about. Never mind, I told myself. She's holding her to a higher standard. She then changed the clothes but not the job she has. Which is to be a prosecutor who will win this case for us.

When I say "an," I mean Tina Turner, from Local 14 of the restaurant workers' union in Santa Monica. "Tina Goldman was an American working woman," she says. "How can you kill him and then sit there as though you have nothing to do with it? I hope Marcia Clark gets him good."

In my own city, John Blackman, from Local 6 of the restaurant workers' union, says, "We're proud of Goldman. I root for Marcia Clark on television."

Simpson first met Nicole Brown when she was waiting on his table. Now he's on trial for killing her and Goldman, the waiter who had finished his shift and was returning a pair of glasses to Nicole when he was killed. Once, Marcia Clark worked her way through law school making at 50 an hour plus tips at Luvv's, a steak house on La Cienega Boulevard. She wore a brown-and-white uniform trimmed with a starched collar, apron, and cap. She now comes into court every day with a record of numerous successful homicide prosecutions and a thousand ways carried to a thousand tables. Every day, when O. J. Simpson sees her, what do you think he sees?

*The Cordelia from Queens is to die for*

## FRAN DRESCHER

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS FACTOR

YOU WANT TO JUST after a woman whose delight is to jerk men around, okay, but after Sharon Stone. Give me a female male. Give me Fran Drescher, star of *The Nanny*, a smart, funny Jewish girl who is also a babe. In real life, not so unattractive. But on camera, I don't remember seeing anybody looking this good eating a pickle.

When Sir Michael Flatland asked Sir John Gielgud for advice on playing King Lear, Gielgud said, "All I can tell you is, get a light Cordelia." Because in the last scene, you have to carry her dead in your arms for quite a while. But here, to me, is a light Cordelia. She will tell you what she thinks, all right. She says what she means, and she means what she says. But she is not busy about it.

Blatantly angry will have been earned if Cordelia had said, from the top, "Pop, what's not to love? You're talking to your girl here. I just wish Mom hadn't seen you first." Or something. I don't presume either so remote Shakespeare or to get words into Mrs. Drescher's mouth. The pickle is enough.

But if Cordelia had lightened up—I was going to say Cordelia would have been queen of Queens, but what does she or Fran (I am going to start calling her Fran) read with that? She's got that body, she's got that look, she's got a hot show. She's got all the same she needs and, what is that, parents? She'll give you a bac.





Take her brother... please

## CANDACE GINGRICH

BY CONGRESSMAN BARNEY FRANK  
PHOTOGRAPH BY DEBORAH WHITLAW

**P**EOPLE IN PUBLIC LIFE are frequently praised for standing up to their enemies, but often, that is far to do, and sometimes quite rewarding. The hard thing is standing up to your friends or relatives, who can do you the most damage. Which brings me to the dignified, courageous, and beloved Candace Gingrich. With an extraordinary degree of skill and grace, she has gone from living a normal life as a twenty-eight-year-old computer consultant in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who happened to be a lesbian, to being a significant voice in the fight to end discrimination based on one's sexual orientation. She has done this by differing publicly with her half brother, the Speaker of the House and one of the most important champions of the effort to end discrimination against homosexuals. The Speaker's usual response to opposition is to deny the deep personal excess against him long held by the critic, but not even he dares make that charge against his half sister. The Speaker strongly suggests that homosexual behavior is a very unpleasant thing that well-brought-up people could avoid if they really wanted to. The very last that he and Candace have the sense to share seriously undercuts that line of reasoning.

So led by enormous admiration for her unshakable determination to explain what it's like to live as a homosexual in America, I feel myself in agreement with Speaker Gingrich on one very important point: We both love his sister.

Repaint! Repaint! The end is near...

## MARTHA STEWART

BY MARK LEENER  
PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE

**Y**EARS AGO, my friend Danny and I took a semester abroad in Rome. Most of the time, we cruised the Piazza Navona hearing the doozyers who hung out in their princely mansions, nibbling gelato. I must have been a pretty disgusting sight, ducking around, snapping my fingers in a filthy, pink, TEARFULLY FOULMOUTHED warm-up jacket snatched to the pubes, an automobile air freshener dangling from a cheap gold chain around my neck. When Danny and I weren't trying to score rich widows, we got our ladies spending neoprene rollerblades and smoking their loose lins. One night, we spent our profits doing gags that fell down. By noon, we were hunched over the fountain, reaching. Suddenly I look up and there's this beautiful blond woman. I'll never forget the preternatural luster of her skin... and her smile. It's the most beguilingly unattractive smile I've ever seen.

She says, "You boys look like you're in awfully bad shape. You know what would make you feel better? Jalapeño marmite."

And she reaches into her handbag and pulls out two impeccable jalapeño marmite, topped off to cosmic perfection.

And before we even have time to say, "Whore! Bastards!" she vanishes.

"That was Martha Stewart," Danny says.

"No fucking way!" I howl.

"It was, max, I swear," D swears.

[I never know if that really was Martha Stewart. The incident has the fraudulent quality of a recovered memory. But I do know for sure that I fell in love with a woman who appeared to be a hybrid of Mary Poppins and Psyche, a paragon of domestic serenity and enigmatic eroticism—I fell in love with the possibility of a Martha Stewart.]

And we fall in love with her again and again, regularly. Sometimes, perhaps distressed by the impropriety of our own lives, we forget about her. Or we're dazzled by another love. Lastly for instance, I've become obsessed with Peruvian president Alberto Fujimori's daughter, Keiko and Sacha. But then we see Martha's radiant face in our sky again.

They say there's a special place in hell for those who date Martha Stewart—a sulfurous gallery where you're equaled on a barbed trellis, and with marmite powder, stuffed with grunted potatoes, and then scored with corrugated red onions for eternity. You have any idea what that feels like? You don't want to know.

So the next time you see that haunting visage in its family golden mirror, just love it. And when Armageddon comes, try to get into the Martha Stewart compound. She'll have the sweetest-smelling nuclear arches.



Freeze! It's the long arms  
and legs of the law

## ARRESTING WOMEN

BY JOSEPH WAMRAUGH

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS FACTOR

**T**hus as were a good time to be a crook on television. Go around the dial: *Homeland*, *NYFD Blue*, *The X-Files*, *Law and Order*, *NYPD Blue*, *Arrested Development*. What really gets me, though, is how good the guys on the beat look these days.

The impressive lineup you see before you would definitely have a leg up on some of the female cops I've known over the years. Of course, many of our badge-toting sisters are forced to wear klutzy uniforms designed for men, rather than sleek black lycra and stiletto-heeled sandals designed for... men.

But in the testosterone-charged, macho world of law and order, there are a few weapons that those with two X chromosomes possess but that the Y's usually do not. Women are often more verbal and better able to express feelings, and therefore they're better able to de-escalate and deescalate. And defusing and deescalating are talents that cannot be taught in police academies. After all, police work is not about shooting at or fighting with people, it's about talking.

So here's hoping that our fictional, fully-blown-and-macho-boiled DAs and FBI agents will be allowed to display some of the integrity and unworldly imagination of their real-world sisters, who daily have to prove that they are as good as men by doing better than men, without bruising our tender male egos. Try to manage that, sisters.

When Gilbert and Sullivan wrote their sad lament about a policeman's lot, they didn't know the other half of it.

*Left to right: Pam D'Amore (Quinn, New York Undercover), Michael Lee and (front) Audie Younger, Fennick, Sharon Lawrence, NYPD Blue, Gillian Anderson, The X-Files, Soli O'Grady and Justice Smith, NYPD Blue, All About, Law and Order*



One good thing that came of the sixties

## FAYE DUNAWAY

BY JOE QUEENAN  
PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY WHITE

**O**NLY THREE MOVIES are discussed as highly as *Scorpio*, the book by Syd Field that every screenwriting course on the face of the earth is based on. Two of them—*Climax* and *Nemesis*—star Faye Dunaway. None of them star Jane Fonda, Barbra Streisand, Goldie Hawn, or any of Dunaway's more celebrated contemporaries. Whatever we may think of Dunaway's overall acting talents (it plus seems fair), she has demonstrated an uncanny ability through the years to turn

up in movies that have become part of Hollywood's immemorial memory. If you are at all interested in movies or in finding out how movies work, you must inevitably cross her path. You will not cross Mame's (Torne's).

Dunaway's career invites comparison to that of everyone who has ever triumphed through sheer endurance. Compare Nolan Bush with Steve Cantore, Henry Aaron with Willie Mays. Dunaway never had the best stuff or the biggest swing, but what she had lasted longer. Of her craft, let's leave it at this: Faye Dunaway acts about as well as Lou Reed plays the guitar. She looks right for the part, and she gets the job done. Others of whom much was expected fell by the wayside. Al McGraw did not get to world that clothes hangar at Motown Tower. Katharine Ross did not get to roll in the bushes with Brando in *Don Juan Delmonico*. [Al Clayburgh has never been invited to appear in a Tom Petty video. As for Sally Field, well, let's just not talk about it.

Without question, Dunaway has endured her fair share of abuse. Andrew Lloyd Webber did not think she could sing. Richard Lester did not think she could act, forcing her into a wrestling bout with Reginald Kettle that was widely viewed at the time as a Tinseltown death match between the world's two worst actresses. More unnerving still, she has been tormented with passion and frequency by Mackey Rourke, once described by Kim Basinger as the human subway.

Yet it is Dunaway's very presence in *Scorpio* that underscores her single greatest attribute: She has never succumbed to the sin of obnoxiousness. Despite the passage of time, she still refuses to play domineering goddesses. She does not play characters one can describe as bitchy. She does not make excessive wiles. She has no direct input into the face of the man facing her. Her views on men moviegoers remain a mystery. And long after we have all forgotten *Don Juan Delmonico* and *The Trip*, we will honor the memory of a woman who did marry a man named Peter Wolf but did not marry a man named Ted Turner, thus proving that not everyone famous in the 1970s was a complete fake.

Did everybody say, "Hugh who?"

## ELIZABETH HURLEY

BY RON ROSENBAUM  
PHOTOGRAPH BY SANTE D'ORAZIO

**S**HE IS OUR MADAME X, mistress of the beautiful illusion. A century ago, John Singer Sargent scandalized Parisian society when he unveiled at the Salon his portrait of Madame X. It's hard now to recognize the profound disturbance the image of this independent woman caused. Part of it was outrage that the genre of formal portraiture, once reserved for figures of the aristocracy, should be devoted to a woman who was a figure from the fashion magazines. "A professional beauty," one Parisian critic sneered, "whose sole purpose in life is to demonstrate her skills on contriving incredible outfits . . . which she can carry off with beauty and even a touch of innocence."

Typical—misguided Parisian provincialism, misapprehending as aesthetic barbarians, seriously missing the point, which Elizabeth Hurley here poses in the manner of Madame X, makes so brutally it is not a matter of beauty, professional or otherwise, but of charisma, of magnetism, the power to cloud men's minds while demonstrating the superior wit of her own. Yes, Elizabeth Hurley first came to the attention of the pop-culture world by "contriving an incredible outfit"—*The Dress*, as it became known—that contrived of Viennese scraps and barely suspended fish went to some fine, premiere and totally eclipsing her escort (who happened to be her boyfriend, Hugh Grant).

In fact, Hugh Grant is one of the great strengths of Mr. Hurley's power as an illusionist. Most was a guy with nothing going for him, a facile schlock lacking looks, charm, or any other appeal (his brooding intensity of, say, a writer, for instance). But once in the Hurley orbit, seen through the lens of the Hurley charisma, Hugh Grant metamorphosed into Cary Grant. She is the windy obverse of Grace, who could turn men into pigs. Lastly, it seems that Hurley, this British dance-school girl, has been working her sassy on her own behalf. At twenty-nine, she has just been chosen as the new *Elle* *Landier* girl. And after only minor parts in films, she's now slated to star in *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*. And when that's wrapped, she's set to mediate the *Bonanza* crisis. Well, she could, if the put her mind to it, if she didn't waste so much time with that loser Hugh Grant.



How gonna mess with her?

## LINDA FIORENTINO

BY CHAZZ PALMINTERI  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
DAVIS FACTOR

IT WAS A RAINY DAY IN 1985 and I decided to go see *Mary McCormack's* new film, *After Hours*. That was the first time I saw Linda Fiorentino. She was dangerous, sexy, scary, lovable, the type of girl you didn't bring home to your mother but you brought home to your father. In all the movies I've seen her in, the one thing she's always been is real. Not once has there been a hint of acting in her performances—not as the older woman in *Violets* or the Russian spy in *Grease* or the sensualist in *The Modern*. She topped them all in *The Last Seduction*, in which she redefined the role of the femme fatale.

Linda is one of the most unusual women I've ever met. She can be so many different things at so many different times. As soon as you think you've got her figured out, you realize you know nothing about her. She can walk into a room and simply look like the girl next door, and then the sunlight will hit her face and you have to catch your breath at how beautiful she is. She says the most wonderful things about people she loves and the worst things imaginable about people she dislikes. She was born without a fibula, without the corner that goes between the brow and the mouth. Whatever she thinks, she says. That's why she's unique—you never have to guess where you stand. Knowing Linda and working with her are two different things, though. I just played her husband in a movie called *Jade*. When we did our scenes together, her eyes were like bullets that reach out and grab your face, forcing you to look at her and nowhere else. If I had to find one thing wrong with her, it'd be that she doesn't know how amazing she really is. Maybe that's a good thing. No man or woman would stand a chance



Kim of the superwoman

## TERRY McMILLAN

BY JOHN SINGLETON  
PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN HARDING

EVERY TIME I see Terry McMillan, whether it's at the wedding of a prominent casting director or at an event celebrating the achievements of black film artists, we have this sort of ritual. There is this look of recognition, a smile, and then, being the man that I am, and since she is a lovely lady, I feel compelled to give her a big kiss on the lips.

It's not even as if we know each other very well, but there's no mistaking that spark whenever our paths cross. I think it comes from the way Terry embodies the sassiness and style of her characters. I admire her ability to make these characters complex and diverse and self strongly rooted in African American culture. In her novel *Waiting to Exhale* (the forthcoming movie will star Whitney Houston), Terry writes about contemporary black women who buy artwork, join support groups like Black Women on the Move, sing, do one another's hair, raise children, and, yes, have men troubles. The stars of Terry's work have flavor. They are sassy as well as soft, depending on their mood. She does all this without falling into

the easy trap of bashing the black man to fill the black woman's story. Terry's male characters have the same problems black men have out here in the world—unemployment, leaving their wives for white women, and running the rat race in white America. I see Terry McMillan as a daughter of a black America whose womb has always birthed people who looked within themselves for creative expression and shared it with the world. She will go down, along with Zora Neale Hurston, Toni Morrison, and Alice Walker, as among the foremost literary figures of this century. I love and respect her as a storyteller, as a chronicler of contemporary black life, and as a woman. I can't wait for our next kiss.



And God created . . .

## CINDY CRAWFORD

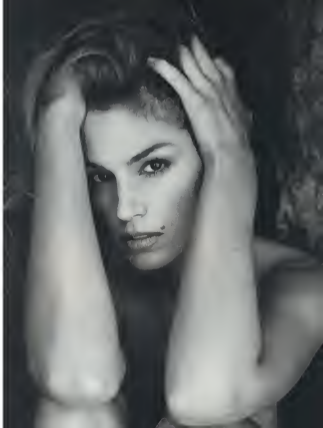
BY BILL ZEHME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANTE D'ORAZIO

**T**HE ACTOR-HUSBAND KNEW NOT what he had. He would appraise the radiance and the perfection and then guffaw. He called her the Thing, so as to render the celestial benign. Late at night, she would wobble home, teetering on spike heels, acquiescing supple flesh, a margarita or two on her breath. She was, at such moments, divine and hopeful and lonesome. And he would glance up from his book of Zen dogma and tease her. "Don't laugh," she would say, more self-conscious than at other times. But he laughed anyway—trying to foster perspective on a young midwestern wife who never lacked perspective to begin with. It was a marriage of inconvenience. They made appointments to coincide, then ultimately scheduled their love into oblivion. Needs do not wait. And she did not wait. She is probably not supposed to.

I walked a bright Mallin mall with her. We bought good books and drank coffee outdoors. A pack of wild boys spied her and found excuses to stomp and loiter and giggle in her midst. They were prepubescent, unaware of her importance, fully aware of her gifts. One sweet little fat guy strode up behind me and spattered, "You've got a nice lady there!" Another lbrode awakened! And then what? A boy of ten has no clue as to what to do with such bounty. A boy of thirty-six can barely fathom the task. But what a nice lady I watched her pose, topless on a bench, tried to avert my gaze but could not. "All right, everybody!" she had finally announced. "These are my tits!" And there they were. But her voice was small—is small. It is a voice that does not declare her presence so much as apologize for the splendor of the vessel. Such grace tends to elude other women who glimmer for a living. But this girl was raised right, raised humble. There is no chill about her, no aura of remove. Men must manufacture that themselves if they require a layer of protection. And so they do.

I remember the day a bird shit on her leg. She sat in the sun, pants pulled up to her knees, calves exposed. Then the desecration—hard and hot and wet. She recoiled, then laughed, then decided it was a good omen. Besides the threat of bird droppings, she is vulnerable in most every way. That night, I saw her climb into another man's limousine and seek distraction from the life of the Thing. "I'm better when I'm in motion," she claims, afraid to stop. The movement fools no one but her. She is that easy to know. She can stop when she is ready. She will be fine. And some lucky bastard will have a nice lady there.





Moscow days, New York nights

# KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

BY JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

PHOTOGRAPH BY DARRYL ESTRINE

**H**IS NATURAL GRANDFATHERS, Jules and Doris Bear, were the king and queen of Hollywood. Jules was the founder of MCA, an anthropologist who looked hands on the side and then transferred the movie business by rolling it with the upstart television industry, becoming so rich and successful in the process that he devoted his later years to philanthropy. I remember Katrina as a dark-eyed child at Doris and Jules's house. Many Manhattan, it was called, a vast chateau that stood guard over Beverly Hills. An invitation to Macy's Christmas was like a royal summons, and there one mixed with Gregory Peck and Warren Beatty and Jennifer Jones and the odd malcontents arriving from India. And quit: Katrina, seeing everything, gaining nothing.

I remember a slightly older Katrina at her mother's apartment on Central Park West, where the nobility of arts and letters regularly congregated—William Styron and Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal and Woody Allen and Lilian Hellman and Robert Rauschenberg. And quit: Katrina, still seeing everything and missing nothing. I remember Katrina on the telephone from New York when my father died. They had been close since childhood, young women, then in their early twenties, and Katrina cried that day the way children cry, great gulping sobs that indicated an awareness that youth was no longer an immunization against the cruelties of life.

Being a child of emigration is not without pitfalls. Any successful man is seen as a judge, may meet the road leveled. Katrina might have chosen a staircase in the suit she is, however, as hardheaded as the grandfather she so closely resembles. (Jules always flew economy class and insisted that his children and grandchildren do the same.) At Princeton, she met and subsequently married Stephen Cohen, a professor of politics and Russian studies and a CBS commentator. Russia became Katrina's passion and its women her particular interest. Moscow is her second home, not East Hampton or Martha's Vineyard. Her daughter, Niko, four years old, has been there fourteen times. Katrina began so as a teen on *The News* and is now, at thirty-five, its editor. Her policies would appall her grandfather, a pillar of the Republican party, but were Jules alive, she would quietly stand her ground against him, her mind as tough as her manners are unpeppable. I have known her most of my life, and she still sees everything and misses nothing.

*A daughter of the Midwest turns out absolutely fabulous*

# CYNTHIA ROWLEY

BY BILL BLASS

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY WHITE

**T**HE DANGER OF BEING the least hot thing in the fashion business is that it can go to your head. You can become spoiled by all the attention and applause and allow it to turn you into something unpleasant. Or you can take the competitive side of life at the top too seriously and respond by becoming a pushy, aggressive, self-promoting show-off. Then maybe even the clothes you design begin to reflect those attitudes. (No names, please.)

Luckily, Cynthia Rowley seems better than that. She's perky and bright and unassuming, as befits a daughter of the Midwest (she's from a little town near Chicago), whose talent was first noticed by a department-store buyer who saw her riding the air. She was named the Council of Fashion Designers of America's best new talent in 1994, but she hasn't given in to the temptation to take her own image too seriously, though clearly she is a serious person with a serious business. Maybe it's partly because the accolades came to her in her mid-thirties, allowing her to handle them as an adult rather than as a precocious child. This is also reflected in the clothes she creates, which are crisp and classic and designed to make women look appealing—but not by making them look like hookers or space aliens or men. I've met her only briefly, but there's a vibe she gives off that's forthcoming (instead of just loaf) and fun (though not in a self-absorbed way) and sweet.

NANCY HEUVEL PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE REGULAR TEA ROOM



She's a conservative think-tank policy analyst, sure, but she's a *coworker*, too

## ELIZABETH McCAUGHEY

BY ANDREW SULLIVAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY DARRYL ESTRINE

**S**HE BOUNDED VERY BEAUTIFULLY," intoned the owner of the magazine I edit. He was sobering me up, as it has been, for my numerous encounters with Elizabeth McCaughey. The *Wall Street Journal* op-eds she has written on health-care reform, from her perch as a conservative Manhattan think-tanker, had already ruffled Washington feathers. My owner's question was this: What kind of piece could she do for us? So I called her.

No, I said, I hadn't read the entire bill. Yes, I'm sure it's dreadful. How late were you up? Well, what do you

expect—oh, I bet it is. Do you think, though, you might include a paragraph or two about how cows are still a problem? No, the health-care alliance is not a new—well, could you—but if I look, I know—could you slow down a minute, please? McCaughey's voice has the dulcet lilt of Candice Bergen's and the emotional supineness of Margaret Thatcher's. Well, she did attend Vassar and then Columbia, where she earned a Ph.D. in constitutional history. So, then, in the way, say that Annas Hollington is sexy.

In person, I was told, McCaughey looks a little like a young Carol Channing in a rubbery, Size Chanel suit, with legs, as they say up to here, but our affair was purely over the phone. "But, *Audrey Hepburn*," she'd protest, like a fox machine transmitting, before disavowing the footnote she'd found on page 69.

Our time together lasted a few weeks. Heated evening hours spent swapping the nuances of free-for-service, my clumsy telephone held a careful fist inches from my ear. When House members rambling angrily into my ear, I try.

But after my tough start, I began to warm to her rigid, ideological embrace, to baffle in the assaults against her short-skirt integrity, to buckle comely under the maternal firmness at the other end of the phone. Miscellaneous page age, would they? Go get 'em, Betsy! That comes somewhat unexpected? We'll fix that, Mr. McCaughey! After it was over, we both went our ways. But, I did publish her response to her critics, but it's never the same the second time around. From afar, I watched her ascend to the lieutenant governorship of New York while I remained in my office, puzzling curiously over the national health-care data bank. But I didn't meet it.

And, you know, every time we were supposed to meet face-to-face, I somehow missed her. She never showed up to receive her National Magazine Award, leaving me with my trophy and wounded neoliberal pride. At the White House Correspondents' Dinner, she was as elusive as a Washington movie in *August*.

And though she is now bent on restricting health care for those very reasons she once championed, I don't hold it against her. She did read the whole bill, you know. And that voice. Very sexy.

## HOLLYWOOD

The original American princess

## POCAHONTAS

BY PAUL RUDNICK

**F**IRST THERE WAS *Barbarella*, then *Cleopatra Jones*, and now we have Disney's *Pocahontas*, a politically polished cheerleader, a Native American princess. In the animated feature that bears her name, *Pocahontas* resembles a soulful Rebecca Corson, a Radio Drive surfer in a fringed one-shoulder minidress, with a racoon and an intellectual ready name. Despite the studio's claims to tribal authenticity, our heroine most rightly belongs to the Vegas club, the ladies body hair and defined corns on her fingers, and at times her nose seems to vanish entirely, save for two delicately comical nostrils.

The actual *Pocahontas* led a brief but eventful life in the early seventeenth century, and her name means "little mischief." She married and perhaps loved the English settler John Smith, served as a Powhatan diplomat, married a British whaler friend who baptized her as Lady Rebecca

Belle, died of smallpox in twenty-one, and was buried in England. The Disney film focuses on her attraction to Smith, a bark with an alarmingly outsize jaw and the voice of Mel Gibson. *Pocahontas* becomes a Janezetter Juliet, she is betrothed to a hairless brute who is conventionally slaughtered, and she consorts with a chatty yellow rose and a racoon. She leaps above the forest, paddles a canoe, and sings of environmental protection. Never before have strip-teasing and prejudice been condemned by someone in such a fetching outfit.

Disney believes, like those in *Beauty and the Beast* and *The Little Mermaid*, are usually sparkly and pert, wowing their angles and fins and descending library cords and legs. *Pocahontas* is far more lasciviously sexual and her lip lock with Captain Smith is disarming, when cartoon characters lose, we sense the animators' sin, usually carefully subjugated by wardenlike wackiness. *Pocahontas* is an adventuresome, a blond girl, a forthright bark goatee-necked racial justice and, in the stage, whatever wants. Just around the river bend. *Pocahontas* obviously remains with her tribe, sacrificing romance. She becomes Goldilocks, Thatcher in chains, St. Joan for Vidal Sassoon. Will there ever be a mermaid with a wavy pratina or a Belle with bad teeth?

Meanwhile, surrender to *Pocahontas*. After all, who can resist a woman claimed as an ancestor by Wayne Newton?



ILLUSTRATION BY GUYA REAGAN

AUGUST 1994 • ENQUIRE 67



*When it comes to talking dirty,  
she gives as good as she gets*

## ELLEN BARKIN

BY PHILIP WEISS

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRIK ANDERSSON

**E**LLEN BARKIN AND I are talking by phone. Her voice sounds as if she's lying down. We have a whole sex conversation.

"What are you wearing now?" I say.  
"Therapy goggle. I'm going to lie. I guess. A rubber coat. And blue underpants. High and tight."

"Like in the picture? Are those underpants?"  
"They're something like a thong, pantsie girdle. Probably from a Kmart. I like them. How do they look?"

"They're a turn-on. Your body's unbelievable."

"Good," she says. "I like sound. Just because you don't see my breasts doesn't mean I don't want them to be arousing."

After that, we have our other conversation: the one about nude scenes being a bore or not being a bore, the one about men learning to express feelings. That one segues into the one about an honest relationship that lasts six months being better than a dishonest one that lasts six years.

These are old conversations. Ellen and I can pull out so if we were old teenagers having a meeting in some basement in Chicago. Sex talk—that's our commonness, our clear hook.

Then I hear a loud creak, gasping up to her (in the couch), a little girl. Ellen's voice changes.

"I guess kids are a big piece of the pie," I say.

"It is the fucking pie," she says. "If I fall in love with a man, I always think I'm going to love him forever. But you know the possibility exists that you won't. The possibility does not exist that you won't love your kids forever. To be in bed with kids and read them a book about frogs? Fabulous."

"Ellen, this issue's about women we love."

She sighs. "Well, it's a hell case for boys and girls. I know maybe ten women my age having relationships with men ten to twenty years younger than them. Inconveniently, we have not worked it out. The younger men are less scared. Pornstars was a brand new idea that would have on everything. It say that as a female. But these things are not going to smooth out with you and me."

When I hang up, my car is as worn as pussy and I'm a little pissed. I'm thinking about what could have happened between Ellen and me if we'd gotten the timing right. Could I have held my own? She's tough, she's bitchy. And what's she like in the sack? Does that pussy go to a new level? Et cetera.

Later, I start feeling defensive. Like, You don't know how I'd have been in a relationship. Ellen. Meanwhile, you're wearing me out with the rest of my generation. How far is that?

I'm going to put that to her. Then I realize I don't have her number. She's careful about that—she made a point of calling me. We're going to have to work on our power issues.

# MORE WOMEN WE LOVE...



**Women We Love Who Almost Certainly Never Love Us Back**  
Melanie Lynskey  
Julie Cypher  
Rachel Williams  
Ingrid Casassa  
The LPGA

**Women We'd Take on the Bedroom**  
Julia Roberts  
Ange Evonhart  
Joey Winster

**Women We Don't Outbreasted**  
Rebecca  
Lobo



**Women Who'd Make Us Consider Taking Up the Sit-in-a-Bar-All-Morning-Pulling-Jabs-off-Beer-Bottles Lifestyle**  
Sheryl Crow

**Women Who'd Make Us Consider Taking Up the Sit-in-a-Bar-All-Evening-While-a-Woman-Writes-in-Our-Lap-Until-We-Achieve-Left Lifestyle**  
Dana Moore  
Gina Gershon  
Elizabeth Berkley  
Drew Barrymore



**Women We'd Consider Slipping Into a Cone Just to Meet**  
Sandra Bullock

**Women We'd Wear Skirts For**



Catherine McCormack

**There Just Isn't Enough Screenage with the Few Who a Woman We Love**  
Lisa Lopes, who set fire to her boyfriend's home  
Gina Gershon, who killed her mother  
Anne Perry, who as a child killed a friend's mother

**Women We'd Throw Our Leopard-Print Thing Outside For**



**Women We'd Never Consider Outlasting That Secret Crush on a Man**  
Sarah McLachlan  
PJ Harvey  
Nina Gordon  
Leanne Post  
Dolores O'Riordan  
Julianne Hufsch  
Janet Farnham  
Jill Sobule

**Women in Denial**  
Lisa Marie Presley Jackson  
Mary Jo Buttefero  
**Women in the File**  
The works of Karen II



Joanna Lange



**Women with Whom We'd Like to Develop Serious E-mail Relationships**  
Jane McCall  
J. C. Wynn  
Darius from MCI's  
Greenway Press

**Women to Whom We'd Consider Outlasting That Secret Crush on a Man**  
Scholar

**Women to Whom We'd Never Consider Outlasting That Secret Crush on a Man**  
Joanna Lange

**Women Who Zoned By Looking Better Than We Would Have Thought**  
Nancy Sinatra  
Leslie Abramson

**Women We're Willing to Wait For**  
Alma

**Women Who We'd Like to Develop Serious E-mail Relationships**  
Clare Daines  
Bridget Hall  
Christina Ricci  
Karen Dumas  
Christina  
Rondo



**Women Who Have Overcome Adversity in the Porcine Face of Andrew Lloyd Webber**



Glass, Close



Bary Backley

**Women We Don't Want to Read on a Women We Love**  
LIFE IS LIKE A BOX OF CHOCOLATES  
KIDS TOYS  
MIST FROM MICHIGAN  
NINE REAR  
THE WOMAN SERIES

**Things We Don't Want to Hear From a Woman We Love**  
"My brother Reggie just scored eight points in the last 16 4 seconds."  
"Not only did Phil save in the movie, but if you look closely at the egg scene..."  
"If you really loved me, you'd do that funny judge to emperors on Iowa tomorrow"

**Things We Want to Hear from a Woman We Love**  
"Now back to you, Dan"

**Things We'd Never Say to a Woman We Love**  
"I love it's the most important case of your life. So I'm suing for custody of the kids now."  
"Sweetheart, a lot of students run away to Vegas with their teachers"

**Women Whose Covers We Love Getting Between**  
Catherine Schine  
Joey Winster

**Women Whose Change Cards We'd Like to Take Away**  
Lizzy Gardiner



**Women We'd Be Willing to Speak in a Foreign Accent For**  
Julie Delpy (French)  
Sophie Marceau (French)

**Women We'd Be Willing to Speak in a Fake Foreign Accent For**  
Michelle Thewissen-Perez (Spanish)  
Meryl Streep (Italian, Danish, Polish, Australian...)  
Kathleen Turner (British... or whatever the hell it is)



**Women Who, If They Thirkate Phil Deane, Are Good Enough for Us**  
Track-Step Women

**Women Who Are Probably Not as Wholesome as They Seem**  
Lisa Kudrow  
Parker Posey  
Loraine Lortie  
Larsen D'Andrea  
Tyson

**Women Who Are Probably as Wholesome as They Seem**  
Dana Krasner  
Goodwin  
Kimberly, the pink Power Ranger

**Wholesome? Do Make the Gold!**  
Robin Quivers  
Jennifer McHugh  
Victoria Gotti  
Danae Brown

# ...AND A FEW WE DON'T



**Pamela Lee**  
We weren't that crazy about her when she was Pamela Anderson

**Courtney Love**  
New good career move. Choke on your own vomit.



**Bess Lopez**  
Frankly, the Monahan brothers were more believable than she was

**Georgina Frontiere**  
Ever see her and Marge Schott in the same room?

**The Crew of the Mighty Mary**  
Bad luck to have a woman onboard? Glib... glib... glib...

**Kiki Laake**  
Go Back! Go Back! No really... get

**A. & Ryan**  
Sivan up and show us your mouth

**Paula Barbieri**  
She goes now meaning to the phrase "New York piece."

**Monkey**  
How'd you like a nice Ewok head bassinet?



Can ex-CBS head Howard Stringer take your local phone company, Michael Ovitz, \$150 billion in wires, and the information superhighway and turn them into anything but a new way to watch the same swill you're already watching?

# Brave Old World

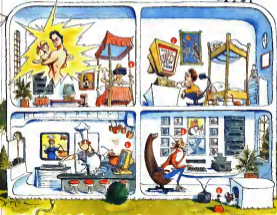
By Randall Rothenberg

**I** DON'T HAVE ANY ENTHUSIASM for the five-headed-channel universe it seems like madness and chaos. More is less. More is relentlessly less." Howard Stringer is in the Beverly Hills, rehearsing. "The next day, the new company he heads will receive its name at a highly public ceremony; it's to be called TitleTV, an unstable cue that its goal is to deliver television shows (and video games, on-demand movies, digital de/partment-store catalogs, and all sorts of wacky interactive stuff) over the telephone lines. Having endured more than a little ridicule since he abandoned the presidency of CBS in February for this odd venture between three phone companies and a Hollywood talent agency—he had, after all, once belittled the means for muckrakers as "an extraordinary con job"—Stringer is



STRINGER: MARK CUSTY/STYLO; TITLETV: JEFFREY M. HARRIS

# A Quiet Night at Home in the Year 2001



1. Dad's in the kitchen, using voice-activated remote from the John Deere Network while reviewing Macy's Weblog for a new fly rod. 2. Mom's in her den, showing live Internet on the Tokyo Connection Exchange while reviewing her manuscript credits with her doctor at Johns Hopkins while listening to a new version of Mozart's Requiem she downloaded from Digital Audible. 3. Junior, who's supposedly playing World of Warcraft, TV with her net pal in Hong Kong, is being his most loyal in the World Forum of On-line Poker. 4. So in his room, having virtual sex on the Game Network. 5. Sister is watching Jerry Springer on an old black-and-white portable TV.

trying to recreate his earlier domination of the information superhighway with his current employment on it.

"I'll give you two choices. I was thinking about this on the plane." Behind aviator glasses, Stringer's small eyes betray the frigate of the early morning microeconomic risk he has squandered his bulky, rubbery player's frame into a hood in the Plinko's business cabs. Outside, pictures of Merv Griffin, the host's owner, dot the walls, a decorative touch that seems perversely appropriate.

"Broadcasting is restricted by economics. Which is to say, you have to have twenty-three episodes of every program, and you have to appeal to as many people as you can get to satisfy the advertisers." His Welsh accent lends professional pungency even to this prosaic hypothesis. He swallows some fruit salad and offers chatty number two

"Cable television," Stringer continues, "initially started to imagine itself as a niche programmer but then got trapped into wanting higher ratings just like everybody else." Here, too, the reason was money: The cable programmers couldn't make enough of it from the per-episode number fees the cable operators paid them, so they went to air advertisers, who play the game according to Nielsen. But programmers still couldn't afford to produce twenty-four original hours each day. "That means if you're going to make money in a linear world—Stringer's term for conventional television shows that follow one after another—"you have to repeat, repeat, repeat your niche programming."

Announcing his hands fanning his thin brown curls, he flicks toward his Q.E.D. What if we could digitize, compress, and store thousands of hours of video programming on

massive computer servers? What if we could use telephone technology to allow every freeborn American to dial up the programming he wants when he wants it (just as he can telephone Mann, Donnan's Plinko, or qip-WEST)?

"That's where the true niche comes into being!" Stringer fairly roars. "Where I can get advertisers to pay for it, where I can get all kinds of people to pay for it. They can decide on their own collection of niches!"

He uses his favorite subject to illustrate the potential of the new machines. "You can do two hours on books!" If the programming is accessible to every bibliophile in *Antennae* at any time of day or night, advertisers, studios, networks, would still get a mass audience, albeit not all at once. "You are no longer restricted by total Time, as you know it now!"

I think of all the upstart startups in high-tech television. I wonder how the telephone companies will dial up billion to rewrite the nation. And as impressionist as Stringer can be (he's the guy who sweet-talked David Letterman into jumping to CBS from NBC), I'm still confused about how he's going to tame Hollywood, over an stretch of mass audiences, to produce programming for a medium that promises to fragment them.

"It's a big if," I suggest gently.

Stringer deflects. "It's a really big if," he concedes.

**Y**OUR FIRST COMPANY is doomed. After the government lifted the seven regional Bell operating companies out from under AT&T's skirts in 1984, it was thought they'd continue to chase under the old rules. And so they proceeded to behave as Ma Bell had taught them—to provide dependable service and never to do anything rash. They wouldn't be so rich as in the pre-antitrust days, of course. They couldn't touch the long-distance cable that were controlled by AT&T and upstart like MCI and Sprint. Still, the Baby Bells would keep a monopoly on local calling, and anybody who wanted to call long-distance would have to go through them.

But church hospitals. Revenues from local calls were stagnant. New enterprises were connecting buildings directly to long-distance lines, cutting into the profitable service market. And cable-television companies had begun granting about offering local phone service over their own corded wires. Maybe, if parents over got truly dim, the Baby Bells, who had their wires in lots more homes than the cable companies did, would light back by piping TV pictures into your house. Maybe someday.

In July 1994, "someday" became tomorrow.

In a report titled "Cablecastopia," Goldman, Sachs, its investment bank, fully declared that the Baby Bells were dinosaurs. The picture quality and selection of video services they could offer over their copper wires were "inferior." Rewiring the United States with fiber-fiber capable of carrying the digitized delights would take fifteen years, "an unspeakably long time." Worse of all, cable calling was an imminent danger to the Baby's "basic-service revenue streams." The telephone companies' own, secret studies had shown that with their enormous fixed costs, even a slight loss of their core business—perhaps as little as 15 percent—could throw them into an operating deficit.

The Baby Bells decided they had to get into innovative video. Right away. Forget about the technology. They just

had to put the cable companies on the defensive to keep them from entering the phone business.

Roaring fiercely about upping their \$50 billion in plant and equipment, telephone-company executives predicted that interactive television would be a "2000 billion category" in the next century. Bell Atlantic, the phone company whose service area stretches from New Jersey to northern Virginia, based some 500 people from across the media landscape and spent tens of millions preparing an interactive space. It went nowhere. "The lead times were much longer than we thought, and the technological problems were much more difficult and expensive," says Peter Ryan, a former Bell Atlantic executive.

There was another problem as well. The phone companies still needed something to send out over their wires. They needed content—movies, news, college courses, music videos, video games, whatever. What good are Disney's half-hour-guaranteed pizza-delivery trailers if macaroni, tomato sauce, and dough are nowhere to be found?

Within a year, the telephone companies were rushing heading into Hollywood like well-leaked rubies to a three-card monte on U.S. West just to \$1 billion into Time Warner. Nynex invested in a billion in Viacom. More recently, MCI gave Rupert Murdoch a billion. Presumably, the suckers got taken. Nynex not only got nothing concrete from its Viacom deals, but the investment had declined in value, contributing, insiders say, to the elevation of Ron Sederberg to Nynex CEO over the rival who had engineered the team deal.

The Bells needed a plan if they were going to win the war with the cable companies. Fortunately, one was making the rounds. Just like the deal that brought stars Dustin Hoffman and Tim Cruise and director Barry Levinson together to make *Run Man*, it had been packaged by the most potent talent agent in Hollywood, Michael L. Oves.

Oves says his interest in multimedia technology began with a burning passion: recorded music and the games that play it. He is an audiophile who takes pride in the first separate system ("Pioneers") that he bought at his West Los Angeles home. "I'm a mac," Oves confesses.

About seven years ago, Oves encouraged various agencies to explore new entertainment technology. His initial goal, he says, was for his Creative Artists Agency to become "a repository of information about this world."

Michael Oves also saw money.

Talent agents, after all, work for percentages. Percentages require productions. And while productions are growing in number and price (the average Hollywood movie now costs more than two million to produce and distribute, about triple what it did a decade ago—cheaper films sales have been flat for the last 10 years), money increasingly must come from the outside.

Oves had found lots of outside money in the past. He had been instrumental in luring Steve and Madonna to plumb fortunes into, respectively, Columbia Pictures and MCA. Following in the long tradition of artists who come to Hollywood and bend record, the Japanese music-factories had billions and were no longer a viable source of financing. The *Japan*, for Oves and Hollywood, depended on finding or creating even newer sources of distribution for the studios' entertainments. A couple billion in upfront financing wouldn't hurt, either.

Three and a half years ago, using a personal connection—CAA agent Sandy Clouse had gone to Harvard with

a senior Microsoft executive—Ovitz started talking about computers and communications with the wonderland of personal computing. Bill Gates, Dan Alder, a young Ovitz protégé, soon began to frequent MIT's Media Lab and Silicon Valley tech joints. CAA assembled an informal working group that also visited Apple Computer and IBM.

A later meeting with AT&T chairman Robert Allen and a dinner at Manhattan's "in" Club with Robert Kavner, a long-distance-company executive vice-president who soon joined the agency, were particularly intriguing. CAA learned that telephone companies had the capability the desire, and—not incidentally—the money to buy entertainment.

In early 1990, the CAA working group gathered in a conference room. On a screen, they projected a map of the United States showing the location of the nation's cable franchise—a scattering of many dots across the continent. Then they projected over that map of the regional Bell operating companies. They saw some huge, contiguous territories

"With that simple thought," recalls Christ, "we said 'What if we got a critical mass of major markets put together where you have organizations with deep, positive relationships with their customers?'"

The "organizations," of course, were the local phone companies. Boldly and naïvely, CAA determined to reassemble elements of the old Bell system into one enterprise that could deliver interactive video. They called their endeavor "Project Interconnect."

In Nysen's Steinberg, the agency found its most receptive ear. His Baby Bell served the intensely competitive Boston-to-New York market and was the weakest of the acaplets. A former telephone intern who had put himself through college and graduate school in seven years of evening classes, he also seemed personally maneuvered of the Hollywood supervisor's attention.

Let me tell you something about Michael Onda," says Seidenberg's deputy for information and entertainment services, Whit Rickard. "When you're talking to him, you're

Other Hollywood agencies and the studios themselves jumped in to induce the Baby Bats out of CAA's clutches. Disney started hawking a joint-venture proposal that profited its own programming expense as clearly superior to CAA's vague leverage to stars, directors, and writers. Eventually, it lured *Ametrice*, the mediocrity BMI that CAA had hoped to lure. Pacific Telem. the West Coast NBC by Bell, found itself sweating between the CAA proposal and Disney's, despite personal relationships (Joyce's brother-in-law goes to school with the wife of CAA chairman Phil Guggler) and private endorsements (Clemson jokingly promoted Pac Tel's video club, *Brain Street*, *Academy Awards* polo) if the partnership was consummated.

There, it is a transmission valued at \$11 billion, the largest deal in history. Tele-Communications Inc., America's biggest cable operator and the owner or part-owner of Cosm TV, the Discovery Channel, and other programming sources, said in October 1993 that it would sell itself to Bell Atlantic. In one swift move, the number-two Baby Bell would get control for video delivery and cable wars over which it could legally carry local calls in the other Bells' areas, from which its copper wires were banned.

The deal collapsed four months later, but that just stoked the waters even more. Investors in both cable and telephone companies had just been convinced that one

side couldn't survive without the other, Shays in both industries started phoning. The phone companies were gripped by what insiders describe as delirium, willing to trade as much as to place a native Wall Street.

It was the perfect time for Michael Oviatt to place a call to Bell Atlantic's CEO, Ray Smith.

Ovies used Smith, Sandenberg, and Conway to do drive-and-half-hour presentations, replete with mnemonics and dollar signs, and gave them a per-page bonus plan. To some idea executives, it seemed like more than a signpost of what the fields had been asking for years. But it was something they could act upon. They could pass together, sharing the financial risk and guaranteeing a national market for whatever technology would allow them to do. Best of all, with Michael Ovies connecting them to the Spidbergs and De Neros, they could get content without having to buy a studio, a purchase that several others had considered and wisely decided against.

In October 1994, after four months of four-way transcommercial negotiations, the principals announced their endeavor. Later dubbed Tele-TV, it boasted \$500 million in start-up financing from the three Baby Bells and strategic guidance provided by CAA. The Hollywood runner will put the talent agency's bet at \$50 million, a figure that Nemeni Dickson, a Tele-TV board member, dismisses as "ridiculous."

Which was how the rest of the entertainment industry and a large swath of the financial community—tired of its empty deal-making, frenzied strategy shifts, and laughable hype—viewed the entire project. Even CAA's own clients were skeptical. Last fall, Orszag suffered the telephone company clinic at the agency with Warren Bowers, director for Kotman and James Cameron, writer Michael Crichton, and producer Aaron Spelling, for a quipped give-and-take about what the Baby Bells could offer Hollywood. Most spread what Seaberg considered "typical old-school industry poison."

Other crosses conferred the worst grooming of all on the Baby Bells. They were the "new Japanese."

"Any phone companies that dilly with Hollywood are going to be severely punished," video prophet George Gilder declared.

In this climate of conservatism, the Refs needed a charismatic leader to fight for Tele-TV Ovea had someone in mind, an amiable broadcasting executive he'd grown to like during the arduous process that brought his show David Lee's terms from NBC to CBS. So Michael Ovea picked up his telephone and, over old-fashioned copper wires that carried nothing but his voice, called Howard Stranger.

**I**T WAS ONE OF his last years in a broad career reducing intricacy and analyzing trends, predicting that "I shall just not live to see" what he derisively called "the brave new technical world." But someone diagnoses come naturally to Howard Strasser. His thirty-year CBS career was distinguished by a drive for position so

**"Any phone companies that dally with Hollywood will be severely punished," one video prophet said. Critics dubbed the Baby Bells the "new Japanese."**



Trading for dollars: Oviis (left) and Vakoumova ruble

order that, as journalist Peter J. Boyer's recent phrasing, "killed CBS." He is so beloved for his ability to inspire others that three widows of former CBS News presidents sent him condolences upon his resignation. Yet these former colleagues use the word *Tiffin* in describing his ability to deflect criticism.

In truth, though, there is no incongruity. For *Stranger* has always been a creature of ambition, willing to wait out the storms that sink others.

His timidity appears inherited. Stringer's father was an aviator who was placed in Britain's Royal Air Force at the age of fifteen and rose to the military's rapid dash boardrooms to rise to squadron leader. He and his wife, a schoolteacher, were never well-off. When Howard won a scholarship to a prestigious all-boys' school, Oundle, they had to borrow a blazer for the eldest of their two sons to wear; his mother later told a friend.

Another scholarship took him to Merzon, Oxford University's third-oldest college, where he fell in with a group of Rhodes scholars. Their lively debates—the Americans talked about working for the Justice Department and helping the civil-rights movement—left Stringer feeling intrigued by possibilities in the United States.

So in 1965, with \$200 in his pocket, Strasser set out for New York. After three months of interviews, he became a log clerk at CBS's New York affiliate.

One month later, he was drafted into the U.S. Army. To Strayer's dismay, the law allowed the conscription

of student affairs. He was sent to South Carolina, Texas, and eventually Vietnam. Yet he rattled any objections to his predicament. "It would have been the end of the great adventure," he says.

"Howard is the kind of guy who rolls with the punches," says Roy Rosado, who helped Stinger get his first job and now runs the El Arroyo Marcos Benito & Rosado advertising agency. One friend, requesting anonymity, less charitably calls it "a distinct tendency to want to deal with the positive and not the negative."

His service, though, had a profound influence on the sheltered Oxford graduate: "The gay lived for two years with such a vast range of ordinary Americans that he never would have met otherwise," says Rex Adams, a Rhodes scholar and liberal. "For a gay who's not of the soil, it gave him a concrete entrée into American popular taste."

Wearing his army uniform, he returned to CBS, where he was soon discovered by Perry Wolff, a distinguished documentary producer, who hired him for the acclaimed series *CBS Reports*. Essentially rising to become the series' executive producer, Strasser supervised some of the network's most memorable nonfiction works, including *The Palmbeaters* and *The Defense of the United States*, and won nine Emmy awards. "Howard," says Andrew Lack, a protégé who is now the president of NBC News, "was arguably the best pro-

days I ever put at CBS News. He knew where the center of the story was."

The turning point for Stenger, the news division, and, indeed, the entire network—came on July 26, with the appointment of Vice Gordon Sasser as president of CBS News.

Sasser was bent on remodeling the news division and making it to the presidency of the company. The sinking ratings of Dan Rather, Walter Cronkite's new replacement on *The CBS Evening News*, provided the wedge that would allow him to force the situation Stenger was to be his antagonist. Sasser named him executive producer of the broadcast.

**Building for Defeat** (Ovitz [left] and Stenger) go public.

The choice was not popular. Strangely was an outsider. New producers were suspicious that he would sacrifice hard news in favor of *Savage's* emotion-laden "magic moments." While some members of the old guard never warmed to him ("The gods of yesteryear occasionally frowned on me," he says with a wry smile), he thrashed his way carefully between the old and new values, helping to lift Don Barber back to number one.

"Then," adds Bering, who left in 1995 to become executive producer of ABC's *Melrose*, "Tisch came in with bad groovy concerns: That's when the value issues came up and Howard was in a complicated position." So complicated that, in the eyes of many he was forced gradually to sell out CBS News and leave the network.

As time, the commission didn't look bleak. After buying control of CBS in 1965 for \$700 million, Laurence Tisch was hailed by many as a savvy savior. Elected by Tisch to the presidency of the news division and thereafter to the presidency of the CBS Broadcasting Group, Stronger immediately launched a campaign to reinfill the Tiffany spirit in a company that had been rocked by infighting, budget slashing, and bloodletting. "Howard," says George Schweitzer, an executive vice president, had "a magic about him."

His persona, that of an intellectual in a land of phishheads, was real, not styled. An avid bibliophile, he often skipped working lunches on business trips in favor of haunting antiquarian bookstores. His thousand-volume collection, built largely around spy and mystery works, includes all but one of Graham Greene's five editions, half of them signed.

Springer's charm was integral in building bridges for CIB outside of Blunk Rock, especially in Hollywood, where the network had long languished. Angela Lansbury was so upset with CIB's earlier treatment of her hit mystery series, *Murder, She Wrote*, that she was considering abandoning the pro-

## Stringer was unable to save the network from Larry Tisch's tight fists. Prime-time and news ratings plunged, and then CBS lost the NFL to Fox. "So this is all Stringer's greatness?" an agent asks.

grass, a knapsack of the network's Sunday-night schedule. Stringer asked her to drink. They sat in a bistro close to the star's Brownwood home and never once talked business. She was expected and, therefore, modified by his call of support. He was, the way, "a drummer and an alchemist" who made her want to stay with the network.

Within four years of Stringer's ascendancy, CBS managed an unprecedented turnaround, becoming the first network to leap from third place to first in a single season. His charisma also helped the company pull through the painful consulting that everyone knew was necessary. "It was a disaster. Don't worry till he says Howard's dead," says a senior executive. But the network's turnaround and the goodwill it engendered could not hold Stringer against the warning signs that Larry Tisch's order for cash preservation was as real as his last.

During Stringer's last year as network president, CBS discontinued. The fumbling act that finally captured the whole house of cards was the National Football League.

The NFL had been a CBS staple since 1953. But history did not excuse what was, to Tisch, a cardinal sin. Football had lost 50 million during the previous four years. Disoriented to follow the 165 million worth, executives were surprised when Rupert Murdoch's interest there was 100 million bid. Stringer had told people that he blamed himself for believing the league's assertions that it would probably not accept the Fox deal.

CBS News, suffering from the ill-fated posting of Dan Rather and Connie Chung, was also playing in the ratings. So was the network's entertainment division, better for years in part because of a strategy that called for CBS to win the battle for household ratings by targeting older viewers.

In Hollywood, word circulated that Disney had not even pitched shows to CBS for the last several years that Stringer and CBS entertainment president Jeffrey Segal were in charge. Seeing that the lack of his would doom most programs in future. "Their prime-time schedule was a joke," says one producer. "You wouldn't take a first-class property there because there was nothing to protect it."

For the 1994-1995 season, CBS's prime-time ratings fell 11 percent, to 11.1. "So this is all Stringer's greatness?" one leading Beverly Hills talent agent asks caustically.

The reform was taking a toll on Stringer. He was weakened by the 50 million in bonuses that had been awarded to Segal and the earlier ratings victories, against which his own pay, never more than 25 million a year, paled. New ideas—among them a plan by Stringer and National Football League president Dan Quinn for an alternate football league—ran into the peddler on Larry Tisch's wall.

A creative sprout, briefly, in the person of Barry Diller, the former Fox Network's executive, whom Tisch tried to luring in to take over the network. Stringer considered

Diller the engine that could pull CBS into the future. But when the plan collapsed, so did Stringer's agent.

"Howard went out on a limb with Diller, and when the branch broke, Howard fell with it," says a CBS executive.

Around Christmas of last year, Michael Ovezir called with an offer: a reported 25 million a year and eventual equity to run what would soon be known as TeleTV. It didn't take long for the offer to leak out—a revelation Stringer thought might have been engineered by CAA to force his hand. More troubling to him, though, was that none of his CBS mentors begged him to stay. They were hurt that their anchor was cutting himself loose at the same time building.

On Stringer's final day at CBS, his friends gathered on the nineteenth floor of Black Rock to wish him farewell. He got up to speak, raising expectations of the wit and eloquence that all had come to know. He scribbled over a few words, then sat down and wept.

**H**OWARD STREIBER's friends are laughing at him.

"It's far from what we feel will be a threat to our business—if they turn out to be a business," Frank Howard, the head of Viacom, says of TeleTV.

"I will have lunch with Howard," says ABC's Robert Iger with a smirk, "as soon as he has some viewers."

Stringer is suffering the added outrage at Murdoch's Parrot Hotel, at an annual communications-industry bazaar. Despite a lyrical threat scolded only intermittently by Corporate Lawyers, he endures the calamity with good humor, cheerfully admitting, "I'm the chief executive of a telephone booth at the moment."

Suddenly, his demeanor changes. His house has fled. Fifty-three-year-old head forward and company owner.

"Maybe, just maybe," Stringer says, referring to the promise of Nelson Elton. "For the first time since I joined television, I can see the charter of the foundation of broadcasting, which is to say diverse programming, with an occasional dash of culture with a small 'c.' He talks of 'true culture' and Kenneth Williams. 'If we can recognize some of this experimental vision,' he says emphatically, waving his right hand, "we may just recognize the whole business."

He doesn't mention that he has already talked to E. L. Doctorow about pulling fire from Doctorow, a literary network that the bestselling author of *Ragone* and three past novels has launched on cable TV next year. A fan of British television drama, Stringer has also told the radio chiefs due to be the first new programming services he plans to see on "Q3 Channel" for quality programming on TeleTV.

With on-demand movies and comparable entertain-

ment functioning as the initial lure, he also expects to harness the system with "interactive" services like game and home-shopping channels and other devices aimed at keeping this fragmented nation switched on and satisfied. The market, disconcertingly a huge. Americans spend 50 billion a year on video rentals, 50 billion for cable television, 50 billion on music shopping, 50 billion on local telephone calls. Two in one of the 100 billion companies spend to advertise in some form, and the same old up to more than 100 billion a year.

The price are cynical. "Nobody really understands exactly how it's going to work, what it's going to look like, and what it's going to cost," says Allen Rosenblatt, the chairman and chief executive of the giant BBDO advertising agency "Show me! Show me!"

There's nothing to show it doesn't exist.

Consider the technology. Some scientists say the phone companies' plan to send video, voice, and data over the same fiber wires may be finally flawed. Even if the wires work, so one knows whether people will use them.

In Carlin, world-wide media director of McCann-Erickson, the advertising agency that has studied new media the most extensively, calls video-on-demand "bullshit."

"Why," he asks, "would I want to invest billions of dollars to, in effect, replicate the video store? Especially since, at CBS research chief David Roberts' view, VCR use, which averages only two hours a week, is declining."

There's a more fundamental problem. If anyone ever allows five hundred, eight hundred, a thousand channels to exist, it promises to fragment the audience so much that no one will be able to afford to produce anything compelling. The performance of many niche cable networks is a harbinger of that future. Just look at the Home Shopping Network, which posted an operating loss of 26 million on an 18-point decline in sales during the first three months of 1995.

If the cable companies, which are already up and running, aren't afford a lot of original programming, what are the chances for the telephone companies, who have no customers? asks one senior studio executive, whose company is working with the telcos. "Producing original entertainment programming for this is a hoax."

Michael Ovezir, for one, doesn't cotton to such cynicism. Query him about the financial paradoxes dividing interactivity's future and his go-to-the-top (he turns into the top) displeasure. "Don't make the same mistake some people make, which is having short-term vision," he says, staring coldly. "This is a long-term play. Over the next twenty-five years, it will all change."

Oh, really? TeleTV has decided that interactivity isn't even in its current game plan. In their most recent strategic

shift, the telephone companies have been buying suppliers of a service called wireless cable. Delivered via microwave to small antennas mounted on consumers' windowsills, wireless cable is essentially conventional television, its capacity—about one hundred digital channels—being controlled by that of current cable systems. Stringer concedes that the telephone companies' rush into this technology "has thrown me." For good reason: the firm buying a novel Video-on-demand, were less likely to build a network to compete with cable on cable's own terms. If the same game, delivered by different means instead of keeping the future, Stringer may end up back in charge of a typical television company.

Which in many ways doesn't bother him. In early June, as Michael Ovezir's ultimately unsuccessful negotiations to lease his agency to run MCA were reaching a crescendo, Stringer told his telephone-company partners that he was "activating" at the prospect of a major linkage between TeleTV and a Hollywood studio. Enteric is a major film library—what better way to compete with cable than to re-



Up in smoke: Allen Stringer (center left), if looked as though he had saved the day for Larry Tisch's network.

create American Movie Classics and all sorts of entering relevance? Many entertainment executives consider it a given that the phone companies will end up, just demands made, buying a studio or a broadcast network. "You can't be a middleman, subject to everyone else controlling your destiny," says one media chief. "You've got to own something."

So what if such an alliance subjects the phone companies to billions in Hollywood losses? And if it does? Stringer's ability to chase "culture with a small 'c'" well, as Michael Ovezir's Carlin says, "I don't think that attitude would last past the first rating book, anyway."

Stringer is adamant that quality will win. "I'm trying to make that work for the right reasons—as absurd as it may sound," he says. "I don't know enough to know what the obstacles are yet. But I do know that when you talk about quality, people get excited again."

I badder him with more questions about money, cost, and strategy.

"It's my game and my battle," he declares. "I'm not doing this to produce new television. I'm here to find a way to produce better television!" ■



Take a hacking hooker, a suicidal brother, and a whole lot of hardware and you can begin to access the mind of

**AMERICA'S MOST CELEBRATED CYBERCRIMINAL**

# Kevin Mitnick, Unplugged

By Katie Hafner

**S**USAN THUNDER IS ON her third can of warm Pepsi, and it's barely past breakfast. We are in the dining room of the Silver Saddle Ranch and Club, a low-rent resort in the high Mojave Desert. Susan, I should explain, is an ex-hooker turned computer hacker. She is plotting revenge on Tsutomu Shimomura, the guy who finally caught her pal Kevin Mitnick, public enemy number one in the virtual world of computer networks. "Now, is Tsutomu gay or hi or what?" Susan asks, scrutinizing a well-thumbed newspaper photo.

I tell her I'm pretty sure that he's straight.

"Oh," she says. Good. Maybe now she can really screw him over. Something sexual, a "medium-term, possibly long-term" revenge program.

After years spent dodging the

FBI, Mitnick, thirty-one, has logged off and is sitting in jail in North Carolina, charged with one of the most audacious hacks ever recorded. Not only did he allegedly steal sensitive software, personal files, and more than twenty thousand credit-card numbers, but he also could have disrupted the global computer network of thirty million users known as the Internet. After breaking into computers from the West Coast to

Europe, he was finally stopped by Shimomura, then a computer-security expert who had been for the military and who, not incidentally, had been a victim of one of Mitnick's hacks.

"This guy is an arrogant mother-fucker," Susan says of Shimomura. "I'm sure he's proud that Kevin got into his system. It's humiliating." The worst part, though, was that he wouldn't concede Mitnick's superiority. "If this guy was such a hardcore security expert," she says, "how come Kevin got in?"

Kevin Mitnick belongs to a loose confederation of computer outliers, mavericks who have invented their own culture. In their moral universe, the act of theft is more valuable than the goods stolen, an act of ownership is the ultimate high. They would be inconceivable except that they have the expertise and cunning to breach the world's over-rese complicated control nervous systems: the computer networks that control the economy, commerce, defense, and government. And this makes people, particularly the feds, nervous.

When the Internet was constructed

**MEET THE MAN:** A lonely Mitnick became charismatic and powerful in cyberspace.

ed in the seventies to link academics at different universities, usefulness was the priority, not security. What is now seen as a systematic shortcoming was the Internet's first forerunners: four locked-down Vintex of civil, free, open electronic community blossomed. Then human nature intervened and revealed a less romantic aspect. Mitnick has come to personify that. For years, he resided in the ramshackle king of cyber-space, living his life through a liquid-crystal display. From a simple laptop computer hooked to a cellular phone and modem, he vacated across the globe, into computer with double

son Thunder and another who took on the name Roscoe. Kevin and his band of L.A. phreaks spent nights Dumpster diving for computer manuals he hid phone-company offices and honing their "social engineering" skills. This was a euphemism for actually coercing passwords and other proprietary information from people by calling up and posing as a technician, secretary or supervisor. Kevin was especially gifted at this. He knew how to call just the right person and say just the right thing—honey, dear, honey, dear, honey, dear—until they divulged the information, a collegial exchange of who jargon with a few technicians.

But Kevin drifted further into the dark side of the computer world.

"All of us have been on the dark side," a friend of mine who is a respected computer scientist told me. Almost everyone in the field has remembered to the temptation to cross the line and broke in. It's an impulse that usually lasts about fifteen minutes. In Mitnick's case, it would last fifteen years.

When he was twenty-four, Mitnick met Roscoe Winkler, a charming, slightly older woman. On their first date, she told him where she worked, and Kevin laughed so hard he nearly choked. She worked for a phone company. The two married soon after, but their happiness was marred by Mitnick's repeated liaisons with the law. In 1981, he was arrested again, this time on charges of installing a widely available software—the code for an operating system, the master program that controls how a computer works—from Digital Equipment Corporation, one of the largest computer makers in the nation. An operating system provides a knowledgeable cybercriminal with a blueprint of a company's computer network. Access to its source code gives him the keys to the safe.

It was this arrest that spawned the legend of Kevin Mitnick, hacker. Newspapers por-

trayed him as an electronic terrorist, capable of triggering a nuclear holocaust from a three-line telephone. He was placed in a maximum-security cell, where his use of the phone was heavily supervised. One assigns cages on his hands similar to the one over Howard Stern's mouth. When I saw him in court, he looked harmless and scared.

In 1984, Mitnick was sentenced to a year in Federal prison at Los Angeles, California, and he got a break when a therapist suggested that he had little control over his behavior—like someone compelled to drink or shoplift. Mitnick, she argued, would benefit greatly from a man who is a vocational treatment center in Los Angeles. The judge agreed.

## Kicking the Habit

W HILE OFFERING discounts to Gamewards, Ben Tishavish (in Hebrew, a "house of repentance") over the phone, I ask the social worker what put off, A. It's in "A bad part," she says. I finally find it, just west of downtown, a dilapidated, two-story wood-frame house. It was here that Kevin Mitnick spent several months after his release from Los Angeles in 1984.

Harriet Rosetta, the fifty-seven-year-old director of Ben Tishavish, meets me at the door. She is a slightly rumpled woman with short, curly brown hair; dressed in jeans. She says of Ben Tishavish eight years ago when she realized that Jewish coexistence with addiction problems had no place to go after prison. The program combines the teachings of Judaism with the classic twelve-step Alcoholics Anonymous model. Twenty-five men live there, sharing in the primitive kitchen and in an adjoining bathroom. I have trouble picturing Kevin Mitnick—tough, hairy behind a computer screen but pretty coherent in person—here in such a place.

The hacker-waddler theory has been widely ridiculed, but Rosetta points out that she has a broad definition of addiction, encompassing everyone from alcoholics to smokers to obsessive shoppers. When she first heard about Mitnick, she hadn't yet encountered this particular version of addiction, but she recognized an important symptom: active activity used to block out painful feelings of vulnerability and loneliness.

Much has been made of the fact that when Mitnick was arrested last February he was in possession of a two-card credit card. But there is no evidence that he used any of them. "This is well in keeping with addictive behavior," Rosetta tells me in her office, a large room furnished with comfortable, casual. "The closest cousin to Kevin's addiction is gambling. It's not about money or winning, it's the action. Many people who work with computers are similarly addicted, but they carry out their addiction in a socially acceptable way."

I am inclined to agree with her. My own mother, a programmer, has declared to me what it's like to sit in front of the screen and have five hours when I can imagine the time effort for someone like Mitnick. "It's powerful



## THE LEGEND of the überhacker was born: Newspapers portrayed Kevin Mitnick as an electronic

## terrorist, able to trigger a nuclear holocaust from a Touch-Tone phone.

and important," Rosetta says. "He's no longer the fat kid with glasses from a poor and dysfunctional family... I saw how lonely he was. He was a show-off child who found contact and affection wherever he could."

Rosetta tried to convince Mitnick that when he left the house, he could look for a job in computer security but he believed that people were too afraid of him to hire him.

He was right. In 1981, he'd been hired as an electronic fraud-transfer consultant at Security Pacific Bank as downtown L.A., but when a bank employee recognized his name, he was fired before his first day of work. Later, when he tried to attend an annual meeting of the American Computer Conference Officials banned him.

Mitnick was released from the rehab program early in the spring of 1990. Rosetta last saw him in early 1991, when he came back to L.A. after his half brother, Adam, died of a drug overdose. Shaken, depressed, and lonely, he visited Rosetta to talk about returning to Ben Tishavish. "I'm slipping," he said. She didn't see him again.

## The Hacking Hooker

A T TIRAGE, the halfway-house therapy seemed to have helped Mitnick. On probation for three years, he couldn't go to much as much a computer, but once he showed he could control his behavior, he was allowed to hunt for computer work—provided a modern woman's involved. By now, Rosetta had asked for a divorce, and Mitnick moved to Las Vegas, presumably to be near his mother and grandmother. He found a job at a local working firm, programming the Dig and computers whose operating system had learned so well. But without a modem, the days after he had been blind.

In Las Vegas, Mitnick looked up his contact network, Susan Thunder. Susan asserts that Mitnick sought her out for her expertise in cracking "utility systems," but I suspect he needed her for her social-engineering skills, which are considerable.

At six two, Susan towers over most other women. With long, straight blond hair, a full figure, and a big overbite, she is just Mitnick's wife. Her background is similarly expensive. An eighth-grade dropout turned Hollywood screenwriter, she fell in with phone phreaks, turned her attention to breaking into computers, then, inevitably, to cracking them. She met Kevin in a small California desert town.

Five Pups into our meeting, Susan is missing about something really pondered in cyber-space: physical presence.

The first time she saw Mitnick after so many years, she was shocked. He'd lost nearly a hundred pounds. "You know," the volunteers, "that hooker or side of you always wondered if he was a good fuck?" Indeed, she'd once tried to seduce Kevin, but he told her, curtly, that he wasn't interested in sex. "I'm craving," he says, "no desire that if I wanted to fuck him, I could have," she says. "I've long known that you need to have of many of Susan's traits, but she tells that one with such shameless honesty that I believe her."

Susan and I check into the Gold Coast, a mid-fifties hotel and casino on the south side of town known by the locals. She stretches all seventy-four inches across the bed and begins leafing through the "Entertainment" section of the Yellow Pages in search of Giger, a former colleague. She lingers over the photographs of women in various seductive poses. She claims to know a few of them and offers comments, as if looking through her old high school yearbook. She's hoping Giger can send a few emails her way to see if he can make enough money to go visit Kevin in prison. Mitnick was arrested in North Carolina and was scheduled to go on trial in July. His mother and grandmother can't afford



THE SOCIAL ENGINEER: After leaving therapy, Mitnick matched the social skills of Susan Thunder, who would later become his most trusted ally.

## The Phreak

KEVIN MITNICK was raised in Los Angeles. His parents split up when he was still young, his mother worked long hours as a waitress in a deli, and he seldom saw his father. Kevin grew up lonely, overweight, neighborhood, isolated, and prone to stomach aches.

As a teenager, Kevin discovered phone phreaking—exploring and exploiting Mr. Bell's computer systems, the Touch-Tone equivalent of jacking. For a kid with Kevin's technical bent, phreaking was a perfect outlet. And for someone as socially maladjusted as Kevin, it was a way to make some friends—among them one who called herself Su-

Many of the phreaks' early pranks were nasty but harmless. One favorite was to overload directory assistance so that when people called for information, they got a phreak instead, asking "Is that person white or black, infant? We have separate directories."

But by the early eighties, the good times had soured. In 1981, Susan testified in a case that ended in a conviction for Roscoe and probation for Kevin, both of whom were accused of installing computer manuals found at Pacific Bell building. Roscoe later managed to get the conviction set aside and went on to work at a straight job as a computer manager. Susan drifted to Las Vegas, took professional poker, and doubled in the recent business

# AT 5:30 ONE MORNING in early December 1992, three federal agents showed up at Mitnick's door. They found his mother, but she told them that her son had moved out.



the trip, and, so he has to settle for calling down by phone several times a day. According to his grandmother, Berbi, Mitnick hasn't been well. Shortly after his arrest, he broke out in yellow blotches (Stann theorizes that the prison authorities might be using sulfuric acid to poison him). Berbi says that every day Kevin reads an article she has titled "One Day at a Time."

## Things Fall Apart

THROUGHOUT the years in Las Vegas, Mitnick seemed to remain intensely loyal to only one friend, Roscoe, who has worked at the same L.A. auto-parts importer since I first met him six years ago. Mitnick stuck to regular visits with Roscoe after he went underground in 1990 and called him an hour after his arrest, late February 25, to report that he was in jail.

The two met in April over a home radio channel. Mitnick's telephone contacts and general love of mischief caught Roscoe's fancy, and they became quite intimate. He has barked in the voice of Roscoe's personal driver over time, a big brother and confidant.

At Mitnick's jail in North Carolina, I learned Roscoe, asking if we might make a get this in April.

"At this juncture, I feel it is only appropriate to call to your attention the fact that I'm not accustomed to dating married women. However, since I have known you from the past, I would be delighted to make an exception."

Returning to the subject of Kevin Mitnick after five years has been like walking into Kafka's dream—an image from his nightmare novel *The Trial* in which Joseph K. opens the door to a small storage room and sees a man poised to flip two others with a rod

Some time later, K. opens the same door and the three men are still there, in precisely the same position. A lot can happen in five years. For my part, I have divorced, remarried, had a child, moved to a different state, and written a book on an unrelated topic. But the people who inhabit Kevin Mitnick's universe are all exactly as I left them.

Roscoe and I meet in South Pasadena. He has changed little from the stiff, mustache-wearing I first met in 1987. It's unclear just when he quit the dark side—he always seems to have a grasp of what's going on in Mitnick's life. And yet, whenever Mitnick goes down, Roscoe usually goes on. One of the first things Roscoe reports to me is in just a week before his arrest, Mitnick signed over the rights to his story to Roscoe, who is now at work on a book proposal. He has also been dabbling in something called *Speed Seduction*—from what I can gather, talking a very good line very quickly to attract very good-looking women into bed—and has published a booklet titled "Sexual Assault: The High Tech Guide to Seducing Women Using Your Words Computer."

Mitnick moved back to L.A. in early 1992, after his half brother's death. He was living in an apartment near Malibu, working for his father, Alan, a general contractor who had a place in the same complex. But father and son didn't get along, and Mitnick went to work for a private eye firm called Tilt. The investigations Tilt did wasn't your run-of-the-mill spook firm—around the same time Mitnick joined, the owners were arrested on charges of suspicion of tapping in to Tilt's computers to get financial records. Roscoe thinks that as part of their plea bargain, the Tilt firm offered up Kevin Mitnick.

In September 1992, FBI agents raid Roscoe's house and workshop and Mitnick's apartment. The search warrant was based on alleged illegal access to a Pacific Bell computer. During the raid, agents seized computers, encrypted disks, and scores of documents. Claiming that the warrant was unfounded, Roscoe sued, demanding that the items be returned and that the warrant

be quashed. The case is still pending. Two months after the raid, a federal judge issued an arrest warrant for Mitnick for having violated probation for his 1985 conviction. There were two violations: unauthorized access to the Pac Bell computer and his association with Roscoe. At 5:30 one morning in early December 1992, those federal agents showed up at his door. They found his mother and her boyfriend, but no Mitnick. His mother told the agents that her son had moved out.

That Christmas Eve, someone claiming to be a probation officer called the Department of Motor Vehicles in Sacramento and asked that three photographs be listed in L.A., one of them of an informant who had acted to meet Mitnick and Roscoe to commit computer fraud. The caller had the DMV logo down, complete with a legitimate "inquirer code." Unfortunately for the caller, the DMV had previously received another call requesting the same photographs. They checked the fax number by the latest caller had given. It was a Kinko's in Studio City.

Officials at the DMV dammed up a set of photos to fax, then dispatched two investigators to stake out the Kinko's. It wasn't an easy job. Sandwiched between strip-malls on a congested stretch of Ventura Boulevard, the Kinko's sits a parking lot with a supermarket and video-rental shop. The investigators waited outside the Kinko's but had no luck. Finding one of three men in plain clothes with a fax and followed him into the parking lot, but the call was spoofed, and the man dropped the papers and scampered away. The agents tried to chase him but lost him in the crowd of parking lot filled with last-minute Christmas shoppers. The recovered documents were covered with fingerprints—Kevin Mitnick's. Nine months later, an L.A. judge issued a second warrant, adding fax as its method.

## Going to Ground

AFTER the Kinko's incident, Mitnick became a true fugitive, moving from city to city, taking on a new identity in each new place, paying cash for everything. He typically moved to university towns, rented a furnished apartment in a student neighborhood, and took a job with a hospital, usually as a computer troubleshooter. Authorities believe he was in Colorado for a time, then Seattle. The list that com-

puters have gotten much smaller and more powerful helped make the operation mobile. Mitnick could accomplish a lot with a laptop, a cellular phone, and a modem, hiding his tracks by dialing new numbers (misprogramming a phone with purchased numbers) and routing his calls through fly-by-night dialing areas. Getting onto the Internet was easy enough. He just dialed a local Internet-service provider, logged on, hacked his way into full privileges on the system, then kept a low profile by feeding mostly stock accounts. From there, thanks to his *business* that enables users to hop from computer to computer, Kevin Mitnick could go anywhere in the world.

## Betrayed

MITNICK soon struck up a rather bizarre relationship with one of his hacking targets—Neil Michael Chik, an unemployed thirty-year-old software engineer in Stockport, England. Chik is a computer-science hobbyist who spends much of his spare time planning the depots of Digital operating systems in search of flaws, and thus earned him Mitnick's special attention.

Mitnick's interest in Chik had actually begun in the spring, when Mitnick was intercepting unusual E-mail traffic among Digital employees and recognized Chik as a rich source of security-bug secrets. The night before Mitnick's first major arrest, in 1991, he had been busy beating a path into Chik's computers. It's possible he put an electronic bookmark there before the police came, perhaps with the intention of someday picking up where he'd left off.

In 1993, he did. Posing as a well-known Digital engineer, he phoned Chik and lured on the fantasy. He explained that the company was going to be recruiting engineers and wanted to know if Chik would be interested. Chik told him to send him E-mail as a computer in Loughborough, England, and Mitnick did, posing this time as a defuncting engineer. To draw Chik in, he offered him information that Chik re-

spected as proprietary to Digital. It worked. Before long, they had exchanged descriptions long so that each could read the other's encrypted transmissions. Mitnick asked for—and got nearly every security flaw that Chik had discovered in the previous months.

After weeks of exchanging E-mail with his informant, Chik asked a few personal technical questions. When his correspondent seemed slightly odd, he grew suspicious and probed the path the mail was taking. It wasn't going to a computer at Digital at all, but in a mailbox at the University of Southern California. Even though he was an out-



NEIL MICHAEL CHIK. Thanks to Mitnick, Chik could be the FBI and the military. In fact, he was more surprised that he was his computers were raided.

sidered away and in another country, Chik immediately suspected it was Kevin Mitnick. Who else could it be? He knew Mitnick had been out of jail for some time, and if this was he, he'd already contacted Chik out of scores of scores. Embarrassed and in fear of losing his job, Chik cut off the correspondence.

Then, in the summer of 1994, Mitnick called Chik—met him once but every day for weeks, both at Chik's office and at his home. Chik took the calls, partly because he wanted to hear just how much Mitnick knew. Surprisingly candid, Mitnick told Chik how he had gotten into his business, bragging in detail about how he had tracked him down. He told Chik that he had full, albeit unauthorized, access to computers

at Nissan and the WELL, two Internet-service providers based in California, and was using them at his lunchpots to other companies. He received a grocery list of programs he had stolen from Chik and Digital throughout the years.

From what he had heard about Mitnick, Chik had expected to encounter a maniac. But Mitnick was friendly and relaxed, hardly an edgy criminal, their talks sometimes lasted three, four, even five hours.

Chik came to look forward to conversations with Mitnick. But what Chik didn't tell Mitnick was that he'd called the FBI. At always, Mitnick found out

somewhat. Kevin was furious and soon he had created a friendship, at least by his definition, and had taken on a great risk in doing so. He wrote to Chik: "You are a personal bastard... I do but we can't be friends, that would have been nice, but all you want to do is help them beat me." Then, he disappeared from the scene.

## The Ninth Life

IN LATE 1994, just as his telephone marathons with Chik were ending, Mitnick once again narrowly escaped capture. He was in Seattle, living under the name Brian Merrill and working at a clinic as a computer trou-

ble shooter. Two investigators with a local office-service company looking in to a spate of fraudulent phone calls, traced the trail to his apartment via his phone signal. Using a scanning device, they listened in on a long, spiced conversation he was having with someone in California. The two were discussing a computer system they wanted to crack.

One month later, all anyone that their man was Kevin Mitnick, the Seattle police, accompanied by Secret Service agents, searched with a search warrant. They raided out the apartment for two hours before breaking down the door. No one was home, and electronic gear lay strewn around the room, all of which they seized—laptop, modems, cell phone, battery pack,

manuals, chips, and chip programming equipment—leaving the woman on the mission solo. But she says, "Miracle may have watched from nearby. By the time word reached Seattle from the FBI that they'd found America's most wanted cybercriminal, it was too late. Miracle, once again, was gone. Only hell put up its mouth."

## "Your Technique Is No Good"

**T**OUTSIDE SHIMOMURA is an often man with pinkish hair that flows well past his shoulders. His glasses, wire-rimmed, and his dark, bushy hair, brushed there two decades between Japan and the U.S. Shimomura picked up his parents' affinity for the sciences. He dropped out of high school at fourteen to work at Princeton's astrophysics department, then enrolled at Cal Tech as a physics undergrad before he could graduate. Los Alamos National Laboratory offered him a postdoctoral position. He was nineteen. He then went to the San Diego Supercomputer Center on a year's sabbatical from Los Alamos and stayed. His new colleagues found him drowsy, with little tolerance for slow chatter.

When Shimomura first arrived at the center, he was twenty-five and extremely demanding. Though the staff complained about him, he was deemed too valuable not to keep. Among his friends, he is famous for his obsessive compulsions, he's been known to be prepared for hours on the verge of the best in-class lecture. Then there are his computers. Shimomura has about thirty of which half a dozen are running it, any one time. He also possesses a devilish knowledge of cell phones—converting them to see how they work, using programming commands not listed in the user's manual, and dancing on the edge of the law, converting them into scanners capable of listening in on others' conversations.

Throughout the years, Shimomura developed a fascination with the complexities of computer security. When the Supercomputer Center had a problem with break-ins a few years ago and called in the FBI, Shimomura expressed the agency, and they started calling him as a consultant, so did the Air Force and the National Security Agency. He was considered one of the best minds in the country. So no one was more surprised when his system was infiltrated—on Christmas

Day, no less—than Shimomura himself.

One of the first things an electronic prober typically does is follow system logs—the sort of diary of the jobs the computer has been working on—so that his users cannot go back and intrude his footprints. But the person who broke into Shimomura's computer was unaware that Shimomura had taken an extra precaution. A copy of his log files was regularly E-mailed to a safe spot on another computer on his network. *Herndon* says, "A University of California at San Diego graduate student employed at the center who regularly monitored Shimomura's log files was at home for the holidays in December when he decided to check his E-mail the day after Christmas. When he saw that the log, ostensibly a record that should be growing, was actually shrinking, he knew it had been tampered with."

Shimomura was on the road to Lake Tahoe for a few weeks of skiing when Gross reached him on his cell phone. "I think we have a problem," Gross said, not on planes for San Diego. It took them several days to figure out what had happened. The intruder had used a method called Internet Protocol address spoofing. IP spoofing depends on the fact that computers on a given network are often programmed to recognize one another and to disallow access from an outside computer unless that computer is designated as another trusted machine—similar to an admission ticket not to speak to strangers. A spoofing attack simulates a flow in the network, fooling software that allows a computer to be fooled into thinking it is communicating with a familiar computer.

The Internet works by breaking data into small groups of digital "packets," each of which is enclosed in an electronic envelope that contains addressing information. The IP spoofing method essentially falsifies the sender's return address. The intruder logged on to a computer at Loyola University in Chicago (a stranger to the target machine). He then posed as one of Shimomura's personal computers in San Diego, using an electronic address unique to that computer. Once the rogue computer at Loyola had taken on the identity of a trusted machine, it told the target machine to trust every other host on the Internet. This allowed the intruder to enter Shimomura's other computers and have free run of the system. Dozens of the intruder's files were copied.

"We were more than mildly surprised," says Gross. "Between Timmons and me, we've covered his machines for pretty much everything imaginable and then some."

Gross and Shimomura both knew about the technique but had never seen it used. There was even some doubt in the community as to whether IP spoofing, which involves delicate timing, would even work. "But it turns out," says Gross, "that on days when the Internet is low traveled, it's possible." Christmas Day, perhaps the one day of the year when families manage to converse the weekend without to log off, was apparently no random choice. Nor was the identity of the intruder much of a mystery.

Shimomura, like anyone in computer security, was well aware of Kevin Mitnick's reputation, but he did not immediately suspect him. A couple of months earlier, someone had broken into a friend's computer, the student was trying to steal Shimomura's code for running a phone into a scanner. He asked the same claim, one of Shimomura's own computers had gotten a few poles, but they weren't terribly sophisticated. Then, on Christmas Day, someone had gone after the phone code again and taken Shimomura's home directory, which contained his E-mail and several security logs. But the complex nature of the Christmas attack made Shimomura doubt that Mitnick could have written a program to carry out the spoof. He must have found it somewhere or gotten it from somebody.

After Shimomura and Gross set up some additional protection for the machines, they returned to their respective vacations. Shimomura saw the whole thing as a great annoyance. "It was something I didn't want to deal with. I wanted to go do something else."

Then, on December 31, a message was left on his voice mail. "My technique is the best," came a male voice in an odd, slightly robotic accent. "Name you. I know automatic technique. Don't you know who I am? Me and my friends, we'll kill you." That another voice came on. "Hey, bro, my thing fu is really good." "That days later came a second voice-mail message. "Your technique will be defeated. Your technique is no good." Shimomura took the messages and made them available through the Internet for all to hear.

Shimomura might have dropped the matter if a hadn't been for what a

man named Bruce Kohall found in his account on the WELL. On January 3, Kohall, an organizer of an annual conference called Compuserp, Freedom and Privacy, got a notice from WELL managers that an automated program called Dukt Uac had flagged one of COFF's accounts as taking up too much disk space. This struck him as odd because he seldom used that account. When he looked, he saw that it was indeed himself and that the center of the files was Timmons' workstation. Kohall called Shimomura, and Shimomura confirmed that those files had been stolen from his computer. The intruder had somehow acquired what are called "root" privileges on the WELL, which means he had the run of the place. He had snatched his booty in the COFF account because it was used so seldom. The hijacking gear about him having full access to the WELL was that if he felt like it, he could bring the system crashing down. So far, he hadn't.

The intruder was logging on to the WELL, usually, apparently comfortable that his wanderings were going undetected. Here was an opportunity to monitor the computer closely Gross and then Shimomura flew to San Francisco and set up shop in a back room at WELL headquarters in Sausalito. The two monitored the intruder, watching each character as it was typed. It was not a ghost-vanity break-in. In most cases, someone broke files he might be interested in, spends most of the time happily prying around the system, then leaves. But this intrusion was far more widespread. The WELL wasn't the only target. The thief had also taken control of computers at InterNoc and Nizkor, two Internet-server providers in the Bay Area.

When it finally became clear that the intruder's launchpad for the session was actually Nizkor, the team moved up and only once, in court, in his arrest—eventually to San Jose. From Nizkor's headquarters, they saw the intruder move files (Cyber) was one from one, while "Eudemon"—took Neil Michael Chitt—was his password of choice), cruise through places he still doesn't know, and pose at places he still wanted to go into. One of the Nizkor files he had was a customer account record containing the credit-card numbers. He roamed through the E-mail of about a dozen people, including that of a Cyberpunk coauthor, New York Times reporter John Markoff, who

was following the chase closely. When they saw that he was looking for text that contained the letters "usa," they knew for sure it was Kevin Mitnick.

A CRUCIAL piece of information came a few days into the watch. An assistant U.S. attorney in San Francisco issued subpoenas of telephone-company calling records. The records showed that the calls were coming from a local business club in one in Raleigh, North Carolina. They were originating from a cellular telephone hooked to a modem. By 1:00 A.M. on February 15, Shimomura was in Raleigh, in the passenger seat of a truck driven by a Sprint Cellular salesman, his lap pad with home-made scanning and logging equipment. This included a surveillance device rigged out of an Olo cell phone, a palm-top computer to control the Olo, and the Sprint salesman's cellular scanner, with an antenna for detecting signals through like a Geiger counter. Shimomura considers that part of the chase trivial. "It's like finding a light bulb in the dark," he says.

Within thirty minutes, they'd located in on the Players Club apartment, a three-story complex near the airport. When he turned things over to the FBI to make the arrest, Shimomura advised the agents to move swiftly to reduce the odds Mitnick would have to destroy evidence. But the idea went off two days before trying to find the right apartment. Finally, at 9:00 A.M. on February 15, they knocked on the door of apartment six. It took Mitnick five minutes to open it. When he did, he demanded to see a search warrant. They had one, but for the wrong apartment. The prosecutors would have to talk to a federal magistrate to get a valid warrant, but the agents had already pushed their way inside. Mitnick was under arrest. He would see the man who tracked him down and only once, in court, in his arrest—eventually to San Jose. From Nizkor's headquarters, they saw the intruder move files (Cyber) was one from one, while "Eudemon"—took Neil Michael Chitt—was his password of choice), cruise through places he still doesn't know, and pose at places he still wanted to go into. One of the Nizkor files he had was a customer account record containing the credit-card numbers. He roamed through the E-mail of about a dozen people, including that of a Cyberpunk coauthor, New York Times reporter John Markoff, who

## Not an Elegant Solution

**S**USAN THUNDER once told me, "You are in the only thing you can sell and still have after you've sold it." The same might be said of software. It's the only thing you can steal and still leave behind, because what you're taking is a copy. That is a common line of defense among lawyers



HEX END OF THIS LINE: Two years after going underground, Mitnick is led a way in chains.

who represent computer criminals. When I visited Kevin's lawyer, a genial, middle-aged criminal-defense attorney named John Thurdaga, I was sure he'd trot out that line. But he didn't. In fact, Thurdaga, who has the beaten-down look of a man who has spent a lot of time around a lot of rough characters, seemed more than a little empathetic and overwhelmed by the case and confessed that he didn't know much about computers.

I'd gone to L.A. to talk to Thurdaga about interviewing Kevin, who was still waiting to go to trial. After politely dishing my hopes I had of getting to his client, Thurdaga bought me lunch. Over gorgonzola and salad, I raised some questions that had been nagging at me. When in Colorado was Minkoff talking to that night in Seattle? Everyone I had spoken with seemed to agree that the startling drama on Shimmer's voice mail last December was not left by him. Ernest Galliano, a friend of Minkoff's who publishes *zine*, a magazine for hackers, told me he knows who left the message, and it wasn't Minkoff. If Kevin didn't write the IP spoofing program, who did? After Kevin's arrest, it was inevitable that newspapers would tell the story of Shimmer's version. Minkoff is the style of a folksy western. Minkoff is the bad guy because we need to have a bad guy though it's actually possible that he didn't do some of the things he is being blamed for. More to the point, our preoccupation with him may be an easy distraction, diverting our attention from those lurking in cyberspace whose intentions are far more malicious than his. Minkoff, it may turn out, is just the one who keeps getting caught.

After dating his lovely, fiery and proclaiming his client's innocence, Thurdaga, a man who has defended people accused of far more heinous acts, threw up his hands. He said he couldn't understand how bad these crimes could be, no matter who committed them. After all, no one was physically harmed. Nothing was sold. Nobody profited. And what is a not-able paradoxical? If convicted of cell-phone fraud and possible further charges, Minkoff could face decades in prison. Even Shimmer's thesis that is "not as elegant solution." Because's lawyer, a brash man named Richard Sherman, dispenses with elegance altogether. "The lowest thing they should do to Kevin Minkoff? Kevin Minkoff



**SHIMOMURA** found a message on his voice mail: "Don't you know who I am? Me and my

friends, we'll kill you." Then, later: "Your technique will be defeated."

should have his pants taken down for six months so everyone can see what a little weenie he has."

#### Getting In

**I**N FINALIST JUST Kevin Minkoff—in a virtual fashion—when he called the Tom Snyder radio show from Las Vegas in 1991. I was on a promotional tour for Cyberpunk, and Minkoff was apparently so stoked by some of it that he called the show to air his grievances. He was polite and friendly and even seemed positively when Snyder booted for a commercial. We had a brief, tense exchange. When Snyder cut him off to take another call, Minkoff slipped back into the ether.

Now, four years later, came a chance for a real meeting. Disregarding Thurdaga's categorical thumbs-down, I flew to North Carolina. Cyberpunk was going into a new printing, and I owed Minkoff a chance to correct any errors of fact. I decided to deliver to him a copy of the book myself—that was the courteous reason. For years, he'd been a ghost in my life. Now, at least, I knew where he was.

I drove to the Playnet Club apartment complex, where Minkoff had been living when he was arrested. Set in the bulk Casalia park, the apartments were clean and new, the grounds immaculate. I could imagine his relief at arriving here, with the possibility and promise of nearby Research Triangle Park, the area's own Silicon Valley. The search of Shimmer's place after the arrest had produced a box on the first computer to work for at America and forty-four job-application letters.

The Johnson County Jail is in Smithfield, thirty miles east of Raleigh. When I arrived, I pushed the intercom button and explained to a disheveled woman's voice that I was here to deliver a book. "We don't accept books for federal prisoners," she said. "The marshals office has to approve it."

I called the marshals' office "Walt," and the deputy I reached, "if the U.S. attorney's office has nothing against it, maybe do it." I called the U.S. attorney's office. "I don't have a say in who

can visit," the attorney in charge of the case told me. "Call the defense attorneys." I called the public defender's office in Raleigh and was told that Minkoff's lawyer was in a meeting. I called the marshals back. "I'll call the captain," he said. The wall had cracked.

I walked next door to the sheriff's office, and within a few minutes a man in uniform was wheeling me upstairs. The bus dozed behind us. "Shouldn't I sit in there?" I asked, pointing to the visitors' room. "Oh, no, don't bother with that," he replied and directed me straight into the warden's office. "Come right in here." Southern hospitality at its finest. Then floor to ceiling, painted yellow and blue, went everywhere. A yelp slipped into the hallway, capped in heels, and yelled up. "Minkoff!" The others corrected him. "Minkoff."

"Minkoff" he repeated. Kevin emerged a few moments later, wearing a bright orange jumpsuit several sizes too big over a turquoise T-shirt. His brown, wavy hair, unsuccessfully pulled back into a small ponytail, was in a frenzy. He had gone three or four days without shaving. Shimmer, his face had a healthy ruddiness. No yellow splatters.

As he approached me, he looked nervous and extremely confused. "Kevin," I murmured, "Tim Kane. Half an hour." I held up the book like an ID card.

He looked away a bit. "I can't talk to you. Orles from my attorneys." But he couldn't help himself. "How did you get in?" he asked, incredulous. I mumbled something about the book. "Then my friends can't go in." Both of us were smiling. For Minkoff, life must be a constant board game, and, as he did with Shimmer, he'll snap and advance a good move. "I can't say anything to you," he said. Then he shook his head.

"How did you get in?"



**Some people hanging' around rinsing mud from their teeth."**

\*The nearest link between the last thing you did and what you're about to do next, it's only taking if there's a page. \*\*Dine a no substitute for building regularly. Not if it's building.

when named out. Oh yeah, and I'm not in case. ©1993. Some knowledge Co. Copyright, Sherman. One last beverage with natural forces. Adult names only. minkoff@com.com

# The Last Face You'll Ever See

IT'S A GOOD YEAR to be an executioner in America, with the chance to usher a record number of prisoners into the next world. At work and at play with the men who pull the switch.

BY IVAN SOLOTAROFF

**W**ARDEN Earl Cain feels good that James is eating so heartily: fried oysters, fried shrimp, french fries, KISS peppermint chocolate, quail, pecan pie. The chouffie, a big pastry brought in from outside the prison, is delicious; after a mild winter, the breads are big and succulent this spring. So are the Louisiana oysters; Cain, a short man with a sunburned face, large glasses, and a thick shock of hair the color of mustard, is a devout Christian. "The only way to get through certain things," he believes, "is prayer," and James's is clearly the appetite of a man whose soul is at peace. Five hours from now, Cain will lead him to a brightly lit chamber at the end of this room in the legendary Angola State Prison, have him strapped to a table by five assistant wardens, have veins opened in both arms, and then nod to a man behind a one-way mirror in another room and say, "Do it." For now, James is asking Cain if he was planning

**"SO FULL OF HATE BEFORE I QUIT":** Newly retired Mississippi executioner Donald Haugen and the gas chamber at Parchman State Prison

# My request to meet the hooded executioner is denied. "You won't be seeing him," I am told. "Not on this side of life."

on another piece of pie. "I could have one more," James says, "but only if you join me." It's the Monday after Easter, and both men feel that's a good sign.

James, 51, is a heavy-set man just under six feet, with an awkwardly groomed Afro and a friendly, amiable manner. He looks worried if not sad, but Warden Cain wouldn't hear of it. "Man, you're from New Orleans," he's said. "Why didn't you have a few oysters lined up, some seafood gumbo, a little strawberry sherbet?" James agrees—once. Cain and he sit together, but there'll be no chicken in the gumbo, this dinner could be homemade pecan pie. Along with a suggestion from death row and James's spiritual and legal advisors, two members of the execution team have joined them for supper; the other three didn't feel good about eating with a man they were about to execute. Cain, who said the grace, has no problems swallowing his food. "Jesus himself said, 'I follow Cain's law,'" he says, and he knows, at least, that he won't be eating the man to hell. James may be condemned, but he has one card, and Cain has done it: Cain is the man making sending prison carts down to New Orleans for James's family, giving his lawyers complete access to his prison for their last-minute appeals.

Still, something about that night is troubling Cain, and with each passing hour he seems more uneasy. Perhaps it's that James's family won't stop crying. After dinner, he'll go out and ask them to stop. "It's Antonio that's going to die," he'll tell them. "You aren't making things any easier." Perhaps it's that James is so peaceful, so strong in his faith. "If you weren't on death row," Cain had told him at the pardon-board hearing the day before Good Friday, "I would make you a close A minister, have you working in my own house."

James, they say, is a long table in the reception room of Camp 7, four miles from Angola. Scores of men, white and black, Camp 7 is a rather free-ranging inmate camp, set among the cattle-grazing pastures and winter crop fields of Angola's eighteen thousand acres, a feeling of being down here by the nearby slaughterhouse and vegetable cannery both closed long ago. By day, its prisoners grow a stock of winter produce and work on the farm; at night, they are housed in wooden barracks. Tonight, it has been cleared of everything but the long table, a wall clock, a fifty-cent Colson machine, and a typewriter cable machine bearing the legend "Don't go 'round saying Monkeys don't die with you." James is sitting in the middle of the table, and the man next to him is sitting in the middle of the table. James is sitting in the middle of the table, and the man next to him is sitting in the middle of the table.

James, whose IQ has measured between thirty-three and seventy-two, asks Cain for help with his final statement, and Cain is honored to oblige. "It's as though we're mentioning each other through time," he says, James admits he is worried. He thinks that after a period of choice—once Warden Cain tells

the man to shoot the drugs up into his arm—he will see God, but he's not sure how. Cain thanks him before he explains the reasons in protest, how the shock was what he'd expect, that which he's glad they don't see him any more. He was not an executioner in this chamber a decade ago, and he has lost his memory. The man had a bad headache in his right hand, and Cain remembers how awful it was when he heard up close with the first jolt; how it felt from his fist after the second, then how his hand opened like a door during the third, and what looked like a river flowed down his leg as his blood boiled. Cain didn't know how Jesus felt about him being in that room that night or how he feels about him being here tonight.

"After I tell that man to put the poison into you," he finally says, "I'm going to say, 'Okay, Antonio. We're waiting for you, now close your eyes.' The face of Jesus will come before you, and when the poison hits, you won't feel shock or pain. Just like Christ on the cross, with the blood there by then, you're going to see a band of angels, and they will take you straight to heaven."

The inside of execution rooms is a different form. Remembered to the phone at 8:20 a.m., Warden Cain hears what he later calls "the best news I ever got to tell a man." The state supreme court, reversing itself by a single vote in light of new evidence, has granted a stay. Back to the reception room, his pen an arm around James's shoulders.

"I don't want to build your hopes up," he says, "but you got a temporary stay." He feels so joyful in his faith—he's a minister now—when James remains impassive, except for that friendly smile. The man hasn't shed a tear or made excuses for either of the two 1990 drug-test retests he's in for, but Cain knows he's not so sure. He's finally sent James to his death, now likely in a month or two, but he'll have no fear for his immortal soul. "Maybe the governor's board turned you down on Good Friday," he says, "but you got a free meal on me the day after Easter."

James, for whom that is the fourteenth day of execution since he arrived on death row in 1976, puts his final statement at his pocket. "Warden Cain," he says, slipping his gut before the drive back to the row, "we can't see him all the time."

**S**PRINGING COMES EARLY to the eastern states of Texas, the Florida-California road along which three lower federal courts are based. In the U.S. has been put to death since capital punishment resumed in 1977. From the Florida penitentiary to the east Texas Prison Woods, the word whackers and anything muckers are on the road in February by mid-March, the Death Row smells like somebody's new-mown lawn for new hundred miles running. The sense of fecundity is overwhelming: dump trucks bringing fertilizer to the thousands of acres of Alabama and Mississippi catfish farms, the highway trimmed for miles on end with Indian parashoots, blue daisies, and bluebonnets, girls in cutoffs, passing men in short-skirted white shirts, selling Jesus on a Sunday afternoon in Alaska, and bulldozers going up—SAY YES—SAY YES'S PLAN FROM THE BEGINNING. It's also a

busy time of year for executioners and wardens, and 1995 has brought a bumper crop.

To outside eyes, the process has become streamlined down here, but in differing ways the anguish of Warden Cain has visited most of the men who've earned their death sentences in the last eighteen years. The moratorium on the penalty brought by the Supreme Court's 1976 *Furman* decision—that the sentence had been inflicted arbitrarily—lasted less than five years, but in practice, no one had been executed in the U.S. since 1961, and when executions resumed here in earnest in the early 1980s, Death Row wardens were at a loss. Executioners had retired or died, and there was complex machinery—not only old gas chambers and electric chairs but also the infant technology of lethal injection, installed in the Walls Unit of the Texas State Prison in Huntsville scarcely within hours of the Court's reversal in 1976. When Robert Wayne Williams "Fred" in Angola's electric chair in the early hours of December 14, 1981, was was literally what happened. Chunks of skin charred and blistered down his left side, and sparks shot from the electrode on his left ankle. Warden Ross Maggio had to call parole officers if he was how the chair was supposed to work.

Berry Death Row state had a similar story and must revised the world. Executioners had to be seen as neutral, departmental matters to avoid any perception that the penalty was arbitrary. By the mid-1980s, Huntsville had become the state of the art. "Our executioner is a team," says Andy Callias, the director of the Texas Department of Criminal Justice. "I haven't heard of a single problem. Some man or move on, and we have had people say they've had enough, but there are always others. The staff helps. Everyone volunteers their services and everyone is guaranteed anonymity."

This anonymity is better in its public than the Walls Unit in its downtown Huntsville, and the death house is now and as a busy corner. When I pull in at midnight, April 6, a crowded room: Noble Myers, the gaming and I drive past the old redneck wall behind which he's lying, without a clue to what's happening ten yards from him. It seems no more sinister when I visit the next day. Roses are blooming in the courtyard of the death house, planted by the old executioner, Captain Jay "Ball of the Woods" Byrd, and the executioner's room and death chamber are a pleasant midrange blue. It's difficult to believe a man was killed here twelve hours ago. If executioners are ever forgiven, which most involved had at a good deal, Texas would be the state to rap on.

What the television audience will never get to see is the face of the executioner. Following Texas's lead, most states shield the man's identity—under the bureaucratic veil of "need to know" or by identifying the executioner as the "DOC" (department of corrections). The man who expects the 1995 work of the death row team's condemned stands behind a one-way mirror; witnesses peering in see their own reflections, which has some poetic justice. Both Georgia and New Jersey advertised for executioners in the mid-1980s, and it's said they were harassed with applications.

In the state of Washington, which offers hanging in addition to lethal injection, the hangman is visible only as a silhouette on the screen of a one-way mirror; the gallows' hidden behind Leveler boards he looks the condemned. In Florida, which executes at sunrise, the name of the executioner is known only by two state officials, whose identities are also secret. On the morning of sentence, the executioner is met at a designated spot at five, already hooded



**18,813 AND COUNTING** Archivist Wally Epps, who keeps a running total of American executions, surrounded as here by faces of the condemned

The hood stays on for the drive to the prison farm at Starke, where he waits in a conference room until he's brought to the executioner's chamber at sunrise, pushes a button, and to drive back and paid. A request to meet this hooded man, who might well be the last civilian executioner in America, gets only a cold shrug. "You won't be seeing him," says a DOC official. "Not on this side of life."

**I** THINK THEY'RE all just a little ashamed of themselves, says Wally Epps, who runs the Capital Punishment Research Project out of his home in the small town of Headland, Alabama. "That's why they always carry out sentences in the middle of the night and keep it all such a dirty little secret. I think it's also just a bit of a stigma."

Epps's home is an obligatory first stop in the Death Row. Upon entering, you see nothing but photos of the condemned on the walls, hundreds of them, men who walked themselves into a cross before sunrise and were carried to the chair, or who were so weak they had to be strapped to a board to be hanged; a man who straddled the chair, bludily smiling, "I'd rather be fishing"; another who thanked his family friends, and gave for their support, then told the rest of the world to kiss his ass.

Epps keeps tabs on the condemned with old catalogs, file cabinets, a large library, hundreds of loose leaf binders, a



record of pulp detective magazines, and, recently, a computer—all 312 of them, most *than 10,000* of which were unknown to posterity before his research. The text will show his computer before the house's only image of the living—six of his family and one head shot of Mario Cuomo, who, while governor of New York, repeatedly voiced capital punishment. Down here, Epps is what they call an abolitionist. His fascination with the condemned dates from a war movie one night in 1954 at a navy base where he was a typewriter operator. The subject was the Rosenbergs' execution. "Six bells from the typewriter, then it came: error, was not facts. I'll never forget it." A recovering alcoholic, Epps stayed drunk for a week after the only execution he has attended—the beheaded 1975 decapitation of John Lewis Brown, who suffered for fourteen months before the warden of Alabama's Atmore state prison managed to cause death.

Making that "it," he says, getting up to inscribe a name in a huge accountant's ledger. Nelson Shelton, executed the day before in Delaware. "It was going to be 10:10, in a nice double execution, but his brother received a brief stay so he could leave his kidney to his ailing mother."

His executioner's file is surprisingly thin—a dozen or so pulp magazine stories: "I Help Them Die," by Lincoln's "humanitarian hangman," George Philip Harris, or "Man of Doom," on a hard-as-nail prison scene, electrical biologist, and executioner from Oklahoma named Bob Owen, who died a frustrated man, unable to rise from his deathbed to pull the switch one last time. "Executioners," says Epps, "are a rare breed. There have been deaths and there have been absences." When the Stag Stag executioner Robert Elliot died in 1940, thousands applied for his job, despite the fact that Elliot's house had been firebombed and that the previous executioner, "a mild little man" named John Halbert, had blown his brains out after seeing. A fifth of the applicants were women, one wrote in that she hated men and "wouldn't mind bumping off a few in the electric chair."

Down here, when we had our traveling electric chair," says Epps, "the man was a public figure. There was a lot of press coverage, also on the executioner's presence at the gallows. The man was a public figure, but that was not with the man. An interesting aside to that, though. The first man apprehended in Mississippi's gas chamber at Parchman State Prison was a Black convict named Gerald Gallego who had kidnapped and murdered his father. Gallego's son had been sentenced to the gas chamber in both Nevada and California."

**I**N ALABAMA AND MISSISSIPPI, the two states where the executioner's name is still a matter of public record, the "dirty little secret" of capital punishment is neither forgotten nor sealed. "I'll get you the job done," Charlie Jones, the Atmore warden who executed a fourth of the condemned in Alabama in 1976, is a popular figure in Alabama. Donald Hoots, Mississippi's recently retired executioner, says people he passes in town tell him, "Keep up the good work."

Berry Bruce, the Mississippi who executed Gerald Gallego and thirty others before the unofficial man was hanged down here in 1966, was something of a legend in his

home town of Belmont. It's a typical delta town, one of six I pass preparing to be the capital of the world—a bit more prosperous because of its jockey-and-horse plant, where Bruce was the chief maintenance man. He had been a mess sergeant in the Army, and his passion was cooking, particularly catfish. Like almost every Death Belt warden or executioner I meet or learn of, however, he had a moral aversion to hunting. Angola's former warden, John P. Whaley, who presided over four executions, also has no stomach for it. "When they start training dead to break in to my house, rape my wife, and kill my daughter, then I'll get a gun and go out and shoot one."

In 1954, witnesses recommended Bruce to the governor, so he drove down to Jackson and came back with a certificate naming him "Executioner" serving at the pleasure of the Governor. He rarely spoke of Parchman, and few asked. On certain days, he got told his boss, "I might be late tomorrow." No one knows why he took the job. It wasn't conviction or pride in the title—he professed to neither—or even the money. His fee rose from \$5 to \$10, but his responsibilities included regular maintenance and dry runs in the three-room execution suite: replacing the huge oval guillotine of the chamber's subterranean-style duct, greasing the suction fan that enforces a negative vacuum inside, hating the windows with swatches of Vaseline for a perfect seal, then testing everything for leaks with his candles after the chamber had been bolted down.

Bruce's last job, on Jeremy Lee Gray in 1981, became a landmark case. It had been nineteen years since his last execution. Bruce arrived without the deputy who asked the condemned, both into which the ground of cyanide pellets was dropped, all with a cancer that eventually killed him and, by all accounts, very drunk.

Gray was not a popular figure. He had raped, sodomized, and murdered a three-year-old girl, and he was cocky too. "The idea of this guy suffering struck a sympathetic chord," says Don Cabana, who had been invited to the execution in deputy warden of Missouri's state prison in Jefferson City, which also used gas. "But this became cruel and unusual."

The father's cruel enough—a chair in Parchman's chamber was in front of an inch thick, floor-to-ceiling pipe. Though strapped into the chair with six restraints, Gray wearing a red death-row jumpsuit, began convulsing violently after Bruce threw the long iron lever to release the cyanide pellets and yellow gas rose through the wire mesh of his seat. A sickened hawk fell over the witnesses, warden, and state representatives as Gray's head banged back on the pipe with a dull sound—once, twice, then repeatedly while his face clenched. His eyes rolled back, showing white, and a yellow foam leaked at his lips.

Something had gone wrong, and no one knew what to do. Once the chamber fills with gas, ten minutes must pass before the door can be safely opened, and Gray was clearly being tortured to death. He was not the first to convulse from the chamber's slow suffocation, but he was the first anyone there had seen, except, of course, for Bruce. The ripping of Gray's head on the pipe went on for five minutes before Bruce finally broke the pull with a field boiler. "For damn, I told you she'd still work." When the witnesses were ushered out eight minutes into it, Gray's head was still going strong, and no one believed the warden's assurances that he was technically dead.

**THE SIGN OF THE CROSS:** Two hours after Alabama Jones received his fourteenth stay of execution, Angola's lethal injection table stands unattended.

**"Yeah, I'd do it again," says Hocutt. "Someone's gotta do it. enjoyed his broadcasting and his commercials. He was my**

**Take O. J. Simpson. I liked watching O. J. play football. I hero. But if he exhausted his appeals, I'd pull the switch on him."**

**H**OW ABOUT THAT PRISONER? says Donald Hocutt, shooting a fearful look up at a female guard brandishing a .32s from the guardrail of the pink tower of Parchman's old maximum-security unit. "Colored! Hocutt," he finally yells up, identifying himself. "I used to do a little work around here." She lowers a plastic bucket on a rope down, lerry fast for us to put our keys into, then flick it up and assumes the name: *huc*. Death row has moved to a new unit, but inmates here are all in "protective custody." "Sometimes known as hell," says Hocutt, shaking his head for the half minute it takes for the gate to open. "You'd think that'd be nice!"

Hocutt, who approached for fifteen years, is the last of the old-style southern executioners. Hired as a guard in 1972, he worked his way up the ranks for eight years, helping Jerry Bruce with the upkeep of the gas chamber. He also lived there, handing you down the meal, his son's bedroom window overlooking the window of the death house. He became the deputy executioner "all at once" when Bruce arrived for Gray's execution without his deputy, and he was given his own certificate in 1980, serving until he retired last January with disability. At forty-one, he's a tall, wide, short from head to toe, he says. "Drooping in the legs, dislocated in the colon, arthritis all over," and—dating from the list of his four executions—a diagnosis of depression, for which he has taken "every remedy in the book." His doctors prescribed a new drug a week ago, and his mood swings have been lifted, but he no doubt that his distress runs from his work here. "The moment I'd close behind that gate," he tells me, "I could hear the him—me, evil sound."

"The heart?"  
"Like you get when you live under high tension wires." There are no wires in sight. "It wasn't here, but I heard it. I was so full of hate before I quit, so much contempt—believe me." It's hard to do this. Hocutt is a baby-faced man with a quick wit, a quick smile, and, despite the preoccupied look that never fully leaves his face, a very open manner. His men change dramatically, however, when his friend Lieutenant Russell White comes out to escort us on a tour and they start talking old times. I can easily believe it was no prison being his prison.

"This is where I killed the last guy," says White, leading us indoors through a pointed-in area of which stretch the four wings of the old MSU. "This is where we'd get the new men out there once on How to Win Friends and Influence People." Each man a drummer, drummer, more or less than the last. Two men walk the halls for their daily half hour out of the cell, waiting the look you see on every death-row inmate: a strange mixture of disgust, disorientation, and nihil certainty.

"They used to say we beat them manually in the ball pen," Hocutt explains with an unchangeable smile. "But it wasn't true." I'll get used to this smile before we leave the old MSU. Over here's B-Ten, lower a mile on gas. When I came in '75, it was knee-deep in water; they had mattresses

on fire, and smoke was flowing from every cell. We had a gaskeeper who gave you only thirty seconds to put your man into his cell, get the cuffs off him, then drop all the shit and put they'd bring it up from the cells—try to make it out before the gate closed. It wasn't a big thing becoming the executioner after eight years of that."

Hocutt's smile disappears when we get to the death house, though he tries to keep up the conversational with a weak joke: "This is a Parchman washing machine," he says, pointing to a trustee mopping drains outside the unit's kitchen. "Trustee Colored Hocutt," says the trustee. Hocutt seems impressed. "Didn't always used to be that way," he says. "When I first got here, we had a real southern warden who set up gas lines on the baseball diamond whenever the prisoners held a game. Anyone crossed one got shot."

"What were the lines?"  
"The base paths, basically. I'd run the third base line, say and I'd have guys waiting up, waiting. You gonna throw an O'Connell line? You gonna shoot me? That all changed when I became the executioner. My reputation was for being fast but firm—very firm. 'Get your ass back up on me and start advancing. I pulled my weapon out and leveled down on him. 'One more step and you're dead.' And I mean: it is true. It was it, too, but he kept coming. Some inmates got hit to the ground, kind of surprised me. I said, 'Why'd I still help me—tackle him like that? Know what they said? 'Boss, we wasn't helping you. You put a man in a tank and another man, you'd shoot a nigger down in a cotton field, for damn sure.' That's how I knew what all those shoddinesses say to hell. I know the penalty is a lifetime. I know a word, my own eyes, my own gun, and I really don't care what statistics you come up with. I've got one rule: outside the door here."

The chamber is the first thing you see upon entering the death house. It's surprisingly small, dark, windowless looking. Small leaders resembling vases and in the side of three of the five steel level windows are in the machine's window, and a crucifix hangs on the wall. It looks like a dingy bell someone has fast on as a chapel, then shattered with porcelain gilt. To the left is the death lever, so the right ends that out for an EKG and a watchtower. "Get to go inside," Hocutt adds, turning the door's huge wheel. It goes with a sucking sound, all of rubber on Mylar. The door starts to close the instant I step in, the suction fan locks on with a whir, and I'm out of there before I know it, looking back with a fresh perspective. "That's one awesome piece of machinery, isn't it. Mr. White?" says Hocutt.

"Yes, it is, Mr. Hocutt. And a workin' too."  
"So far, it's us four, then me."  
"What are those books for?" I ask.  
"They're for penitentiaries," Hocutt says. "When that guy and after all's been said and done, it's safe to open the door."

"What did you get for each job?"  
"Five hundred. Nope, five hundred-five," he corrects himself, laughing at the five dollars he got for being on the corner's jury. "Sign off he died from cyanide poi-

soning. What's he going to do from in there? Loneliness?"

Mississippi has switched to lethal injection—largely because of Gray's execution—but five men on death row were grandfathered into the chamber. I ask Hocutt, who trained his own deputy, whether he'll execute them if needed. He doesn't answer right away. "Two inmates standing in line when that man in there says, 'I'll tell you. I'm looking at my watch as the guy goes down here'—he hits the trapdoor on the floor to show me the plumbing—the lever opens the gate—wrenching sound of metal on metal, like a mile door—then, plop, up comes that dingy yellow gas. Those two inmates are the longest survivors I've ever known. Being part of an execution is like being in a car wreck that's going on forever."

"So you wouldn't do it again?"  
"That smile comes to his face again.  
"Yeah, I would," he says, "but they'd have to give me five thousand. Someone's gotta do it. Take O. J. I liked watching O. J. play football. I enjoyed his broadcasting and his commercials, too. He was my hero. But if he exhausted his appeals, I'd pull the switch on him."

**F**IVE SPRINGFIELD passed before Hocutt's second and third jobs. He had become the MSU's unit administrator, with sole responsibility for the chamber, though a high-ranking prisoner named Charles Rodgers was hired to pull the lever, Don Cabana was the chamber's warden, didn't think that it was right for prison staff to pull it.

"I felt there was a conflict, philosophically, between the job of rehabilitating people and killing them," Cabana says. "People used to tell me, 'You're just doing your job.' Sometimes I wanted to be that people. At midnight, you have to come down here, kill a man, then be at your desk by eight for another workday. That is one big dilemma."

For the May 1980, apprehensions of the convicted cop-killer Edward Earl Johnson, Cabana had Hocutt in a dental chair bent to the pipe, as well as a chin strap, to prevent any further head banging. Then he took the unusual step of rounding up some rabbits to test the chamber on. "Bunnies from the K-Mart. One came back with two black rabbits and a turtle. 'The bunnies went poor,'" says Hocutt, who ran the test, "but that turtle was one tough sonofabitch. He held his breath on something. We took him back, and he just swam off into the sunset. You cannot gas a turtle."

Cabana, who was an anti-face paranoiac in Da Nang, thought he would be prepared for the swiftness of the

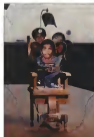
chamber. "I've seen the body do the most amazing things during death and after death, but I was really shaken by Edward Earl's apprehensions." Johnson had prepared himself to die. When the moment came, he was heard to say, "Let's go with it, let's go with it." From inside the sealed chamber, he walked directly at the gas rose and seemed to lose consciousness quickly. "Seven minutes into it, though," says Cabana, "he shifted, and this huge, guttural sound came out of him, an unearthly noise. My head snapped to the right to look at the physician, and he read my mind. 'He's dead, don't worry.'"

Cabana's first execution, six weeks later, was even worse. Corrine Ray Evans, twenty-seven, had been on the row for six years. Hocutt had never seen her murdering a Jackson man during a robbery; he was clearly no longer the same twenty-one-year-old Mississippi had sentenced to death. Cabana, a devout Roman Catholic, had suffered immensely with him during a three-year period. "Prisoners have been in the same for four thousand years. That's about the question, 'How will this work?' And then they thank you for what you did, absolute joy of responsibility. With Corrine, it wasn't the religion; hear you get from so many prisoners. 'I know God's forgiveness race,' he was saying twenty minutes before he rose. 'I was in the five minutes I got left, I wanna see if I can forgive myself.' 'When I wanna go to heaven, I just told him.' 'Cause you get there, put in a good word for me.'"

In the chamber, you wait for the phone call from the attorney general's office, then read the death warrant. Why the hell do they make them so short and listen to that last part of his minutes? Why don't we just let these guys do it themselves, put us in a room with some poison, let them have their dignity at least? I asked Corrine if he had any last words, and he said,

"Baby, but I want to say it privately. From one Christian to another, I love you. You can see your life I'm going to tell the man how good you are."

"I could have stepped out of that chamber and told them, 'Get somebody else. I won't do this.' I just read there while my deputy warden kept tapping my shoulder, then told Evans to take a deep breath. But he held his breath, and I stood outside saying, 'Breathe!' while he went through the secret switch, drawing loss of dignity the body always goes through in that chamber. You start thinking about your own breathing and what you sense at it is the classic image. The executioner always dies with the prisoner, whether it's that guard who got Staccato the homicide or that deputy warden in Nebraska who executed Charles Starkweather. I didn't realize that Starkweather was one of the most hated men of the decade. They say he never got over it."



**DEATH TROPHY A LOUISIANA**  
Dixie City electric chair, occupied by all those he has sent to death row.

**I**MPAGARO CORONA ART BY JERRY LEE Gray and on a sandwich while he apologized," says Donal Hoon. "He went not quick, and that was all blown out of proportion, but had hanging like that. He's the only one I figure needed to die in a more horrible way."

"How would you have killed him?"

"You mean that's legal?"

Hoon heaves a sigh of relief as we pass Burman's front gate in his track. The park tower of the old MSU is now visible a mile across the farlands. "These tracks used to run on the side of the road here. The bed was raised, and you could see for miles. When I was a kid, I got up to Memphis. I'd look at the tower and it was like a fiery tale. You know, I never heard of any kid saying, 'When I grow up, I wanna be the exonerated,' but when I was twenty-one, I couldn't wait to go to work."

Hoon is a famous man around that part of the delta. When he calls in to a nearby cafe on the cellular phone, they already know his burger order: medium rare, piled high enough with fatness so that the juice runs down your elbow inside. We sit with his cousin Bud, a huge man in his overall who cuts a delicate square of pork called "now" with his pointer while they talk shop. Leaving old cotton fields for cotton farms using lasers, a business Hoon has gone into recently. "I love cotton," he says. "It's the best fish I know." He suddenly asks if I'd like to see Jerry Lee Gray's grave.

"I go fairly often," he says as we pull out. "People want me to visit them. You'd be amazed how many tell me they'd love to throw the switch. And maybe they'd be able to—once. You'd have to be a pretty odd individual to do it twice." Hoon shrugs. "Men, I ain't feeling so good today."

Hoon's number on the cell dial and screen impatient for the connection to be made. A nurse from his doctor's office answers, and he asks why his new medication isn't working. "It's operating on a different part of the brain," she reminds him. "It'll be two or three weeks before it becomes therapeutic."

"I have days where it's hard just to get out of bed," he says, frowning up as we pull into the graveyard. It's a small, pleasant place bordered by trees. "Over here where Gray is. At which your first-five sons are thick here." He walks right past the row of crosses among which Gray lies to a concrete old slab at the far end. "This is the type of stone I want. I always see my last days just like this. Sitting under a tree out in the country, wiping my brow, and just saying, 'There.'"

"Do you want anything written on it?"

"My name and date, maybe a little something about the kind of man I was. 'He raised two sons and now it's time to rest a spell.' Nothing about being the exonerated."

"You don't want to be remembered for that?"

"Killing a man has nothing to do with being a man. Being a man means going up and facing the day I know I'm going to die from one of these diseases, and I'm ready. I just want to see my son grow up. My daddy died when I was thirteen, and I never really got over it. I'd like just a little more time."

In 1969, Hoon moved his family from Parchman to a house on the southern levee of the Tallahatchie River; his last execution, a convicted murderer named Leo Edwards, was two months later. It's a pretty, carefully farmed house. Two Teladors are yapping in the front yard, his younger son is driving an elaborate go-kart up and down the levee, and the river is teeming with wildlife. In his living room is a handsome gun cabinet for his rifles and pistols. He has

other guns stacked throughout the house and in his truck. "I'm really not much of a hunter," Hoon tells me once we're seated at the dinner table with Diet Coke. "The only deer I ever shot was a whelp on Holly Springs National Forest. I got him dead-on, coming right at me, but I really didn't feel that good about it. Like 'Son Horn said, 'It was the best shot I ever made, but it was the dumbest thing I ever done.'"

"How does killing a man compare with that?"

"It doesn't. It compares as if you knew something had was going to happen. You can't go around it or under it or over it. You have to go through it." He looks at the living-room couch. "First year we were here, after the execution, I just lay on that couch, staring at the ceiling. We got a chaplain there, Charles Jones, and I refused to turn a lot about it. It's not—I wasn't afraid I wasn't ashamed, but I still harbored me. I know what they did to get them, but it's one that's gone just there in the pen, take them down to the showers, go there but water for instant coffee, or I can withhold it if I need to. It might not seem like a lot of contact, but these guys didn't have nothing but news and church ladies coming to see them. They can throw waste on you, light a fire to a piece of paper and throw it at you, but they're pretty pacified on the row. They read magazines and start asking questions. 'What's a space shuttle?' They ask you about the stars. Edward Earl Johnson here's seen a star in six years. They say, 'How do these stars form?'"

"What was?"

"How long they been at. One guy, he knew how many days, but he couldn't count the weeks and months and years. That was on you. After Leo died, I'd fall asleep on the couch, watching TV. Middle of the night, I'd wake up, TV's still on, and I'd go looking through the house for Leo, opening the doors and doors, looking under the furniture, through the kitchen cabinets. It was a dream. I guess, but I was wide awake, and that kept on for weeks. TV's on, I'm on the couch, and then I'm looking for Leo Edwards. You know how weird a dream can get. I'm not used to anything—I want you to make sure that's clear. I had a dream every night for I don't know how long. I had a gay in the chamber, I was all by myself doing it, and I had three guys I had to tell. One guy's in the tank, getting the gas, and the other two were on each side of the chamber—I got them in row-rowing tanks, sitting in two feet of ice water with big blocks of ice."

"What did they look like?"

"I know exactly who they were," he says. "They were two guys who'd gotten off the row."

Out the window, I see Hoon's son leading a few neighborhood boys and girls up the levee—holding a gun near his ear, straight up—walking down where commentators on the river's edge. Hoon runs to the dining-room window. "Son," he yells out, "what's that doing with that thirty-odd son?"

"That ain't a rifle, Daddy. It's a BB gun." The kids start laughing, looking half-chiding, half-chastised. "Just be careful," Hoon says, watching their head down the levee. "Sometimes I come out of these dreams, come down to the kitchen for a Diet Coke, and I can't believe what I'm seeing. I just stand there at the counter, blissing my eyes."

I ask what he is seeing then.

"Last prisoner staying."

"Staying?"

"Staying in the fields. Shovels over their backs. Lined up in the field rows, yellow military rows, like we keep 'em up, and me having to shoot 'em all, and they just keep on singing." ■

## T H E E S Q U I R E G U I D E

# HOT PURSUITS

Three ways to use Velcro, spandex, and plastic to get in touch with your inner daredevil

By Will Bourne

**S**PORT IS the mother of American invention. It is also a meeting place of American obsessions: Competition, body wor-

ship, and the cult of the individual can all be found here. No other country expresses itself so directly through its sporting life, and no other has proved so adept at reinventing, retooling, and extrapolating it. Between the Super Bowl and the solitary fly fishermen lies a vast, principled physical diversion from the material to the metaphysical, the quietly anonymous to the shockingly spectacular. Americans are not afraid to look silly. In fact, we are famously silly, and our drive to novel ourselves through sport has led to some quaintly American phenomena. We all laughed at Rofelard twenty years ago, no one's laughing now, as the age of American Gladiators. Elastics and plastic harnesses are just stages in the evolution of the American athlete.

But we are also the descendants of Franklin, Edison, and Ford. (That's Henry, not Gerald.) We are an ingenious people, and that has been our salvation from a life spent simply running in circles. What follows is an update on three American classics: roller-skating, climbing, and kayaking. Which is not to say that Americans invented them (certainly not the latter two) but that we have made much of what we inherited. If there is one constant—apart from big money—connecting this far-flung triad, it's that all three have not only grown enormously, they've also become more accessible, more varied, more expensive. They represent some of our best work—and play.



Hit the pavement, hit the water, hit the wall. (Leaving up at support level: elastics and plastic harnesses are just stages in the evolution of the American athlete.)

## I. NINETEEN MILLION PEOPLE CAN'T BE WRONG

YOU WOULD HAVE to be deeply alienated from your culture to be unaware at this point that in-line skating is huge. *Massive Epic*. According to *America's Sports Data*, in-line skating grew 50 percent in 1994 alone, to some nineteen million skaters and about \$150 million in retail sales. One more thing to wish you'd invented.

"In-line" is the brand-neutral term for what most of us still think of as Rollerblading. It refers to the fact that the skate's wheels—usually four or five—are arranged in a line from toe to heel rather than in pairs, as they are on conventional roller skates. Their configuration, plus the fact that the wheels are narrower,

translates into a faster, more controlled, and relatively frictionless ride. It's also easier to pack your way along the path of least resistance. And around wads of gum, beer cans, and roadkill.

The in-line skate as we know it began life in a basement outside Manhattan in 1979, when Scott Olson sketched out a crude version called the Super Street Skate. Looking to make an improved model to hockey players in the off-season, he and his brother began perfecting the design, adding dual ball bearings and the molded ankle support of a ski boot. To make a long story short, Rollerblades were big—but without Scott Olson. By the mid-80s, Olson was facing bankruptcy. He signed over 35 percent of the company stock and two percent of his voting stock for insurance. Rollerblade now boasts about a 40 percent share of the

\$150 million market, as last report, Olson was selling plastic lawn penguins (Don't cry too hard for Scotty, though. He settled a 100-year legal battle with Rollerblade for a 1 percent royalty until 1997—about 20 million in total.)

So what are nineteen million people doing on these things? Well, for starters, the more dedicated in-line skaters spend a lot of time separating themselves from the sticking hands of "jet" skaters—that would be you and me, presumably—by trying to skate out a lather, more sedentary piece of pavement.

### IN-LINE EXPRESSWAY: THE LIMITED SWING

At one extreme station the separation vanguard stands François Hyacinthe, 25, self-proclaimed "superhero" skater. French, clad in a black leather bodysuit, a Marlboro light on hand, Hyacinthe picked up his first pair of in-line skates in 1984, now he holds an unofficial world speed record of seventy-eight miles per hour, set on Jay Peak in Vermont. Hyacinthe might have gone faster that day, but his wheels melted and he crashed. He has since been certified with a custom ground set of 400 degree military-grade polycarbonate rollers, a fresh set of body armor, a rubbery overcoat, and one ball of a big pair of skates. Now 41 he needs in a full "seven turns of a mile long, with at least 35 to 35 degrees of pitch." Then he will be history. Officially.

The concern's opposite extreme is occupied by a van, amorphous clan of freestyle—the "aggressive" skaters. Aggressive is actually a category containing two in-line sub-species: the most intense and the "viral" (for venereal) skaters. Street skaters are the ones disrupting the daily lives of city dwellers running wide—in line omnivores chewing up the



Rollerblading: A skater in a Chicago-style venue.

THEY DON'T GALL them the risk for setting. The event is a series of Olympic-style rollerblading regatta. The best, representing the United States, Canada, and the Soviet Union, are the American's top five. From 1984 through 1992, regatta with

a job and a medalist and started with that, which, don't ask us how initially, we can imagine, but they have managed to convince big-name skaters such as David Belandier, America's best, and Rocky Wilson, America's coach, that this is a good thing. That thing is looking around an Olympic site pool—

propelled by twenty-four people. The Olympic site pool is up to fifteen hours long—in its first year for the year. In the 1985 season, the race took place in a roller rink—then from Los Angeles. That year it's gone to Japan.

urban landscape in whatever form it presents itself: stairs, railings, cliffs, buildings, whatever. (The Dave Kellard of Quebec, for example, has managed this art of sliding sideways down a set-foot rail, the wheels of his skates straddling the rail.) They represent the under-

ground, subversive wing of aggressive skating. Vert skaters are the ones you've seen on ESPN, the people performing the "twisted unicorn," the "revert," the "lookback," and other acrobatic ramp maneuvers before adoring crowds of their peers. They represent the legitimate, legitimate, legitimate.

For all its improvisational attitude, the aggressive contingent is a well-oiled machine. It even has an organization—the Aggressive Skaters Association—and a series of professional events. And just because these guys cultivate a countercultural mystique, don't think they aren't racking up millions of dollars' worth of sponsored gear. (Open alone magazines and you'll find wrap-around giant plates, van helmets, street wheels, ramp wheels, giant wheels, a shifter aluminum chassis with a grid groove, and entire lines of aggressive wear—everything you need to rock the establishment.)

WHEELS DO YOU GET IT? Let's assume, though that your identity is not contingent upon your skating. You are an in-line data bit, part of its lowest core-

most demographic (half male, half female, average household income about \$15,000)—what's in it for you?

How about a few extra years on your life span? It has become a known tool of major proportions—and for good reason. A Harvard study

published in April reported that men who skated the equivalent of two and a half hours a week were among those with the lowest risk of mortality. The study assessed health benefits as a function of weekly caloric expenditure, two and a half hours of in-line

## Where the Plastic Meets the Pavement

Behind the sleek, aerodynamic glides of the in-line skater lies a long line of broken wheelchairs and shattered kneecaps. If you're past starting yet—that is,

if you have yet to learn how to stop—handle yourself and drop on your padding. At least wear a helmet and wrist guards, if not the whole safety package.

Standard's Air Phoenix is a very light skater, built out of plastic (1100).



Body armor like this can save your skin from the "spikes" between you and the road (\$20 to \$25 a pair).

Lazy legs please have the obligatory wrist guards and knee leather half-shells, too (\$35).

## Badass Blades

Rollerblades' RB-2500's have spherical wheels for traction and keep-shaped blades (\$1100).

Bauer's Professional Composite hockey skates are industrial-strength all-around (\$500).

K2's Carbon Extreme skates are entering for racing, with more for an extra wheel (\$200).



For the  
Terminally  
Hired

LIFE includes the guide to the wilderness drive right. Waco American and Intergraph Space Lines of Jackson, Wyoming, have joined forces to "provide space-flight opportunities to non-astronauts, including not only engineers and scientists but tourists,

artists, and anyone interested in expanding all aspects of space." For \$2,350 for the one-day course, or \$2,950 for the five-day Starliner Expedition to Washington, you will receive ground instruction followed by "one suborbital wilderness flight experience in FAA-certified suborbital jet aircraft." Which is fine as far as it goes—in fact, it

sounds pretty cool, even though your wilderness permits are secured in seconds. It's the long-term rules that amaze us: IECI Starliner says his firm is talking with the post holder at American Revolution about postponing their important work to a rare-gas underground— "using world-class dynamite." Smoking is also outlawed about the amazing



Epizone students: The suborbital lightness of zero g's.

"personal rocket" revolution: "I can see rocket" runs out of there.

Within five, three years—with better luck, "fatality pays two to one."

showing over the course of a week, repeated three hours of jagged, lip-smacking, or single scenes.

Inevitably, shots around the country have become frustrated at being bound to the urban landscape. Several, including Hycroft, are looking to establish a coast-to-coast record. The contract has also led to a fledgling indie adventure-travel industry. For example, you can now sign on for a seven-

day tour of eastern Venezuela (complete with support vehicle). The trip covers 120 miles of nicely paved but little-used highway and runs through the world's sixth-largest national park. The cost is about \$1,750, if you want to sign on, call East World Adventures at 404/371-1936. But you could do it yourself. Anywhere.

And, as it turns out, Scott Olson's original vision has come to pass. By far

the largest in-line phenomenon these days is none other than roller hockey. Nearly four million people nationwide play in local leagues and pickup games; a pro-league formed three years ago now has twenty-four teams from the U.S. and Canada, featuring former NHL, minor-league, and top European players. Last year, more than a million fans went to Roller Hockey International games (Call 415/473-3071 for more information.) As for-line basketball league is also taking wing, though mostly in New York. Don't let the National Elite Basketball League (NEBL) at 212-351-9581.

La Sportiva's Kaskadeur—used after the water climber Ben Kask—is a sturdy shoe for long climbs (\$140).

## Rockin' Shoes



La Sportiva's Vigor is a rock climber with maximum flexibility and sensitivity (\$115).

## II. ACROSS THE COUNTRY, WALLS ARE GOING UP

IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE Cliff Eastwood in spandex shorts, his hair in a ponytail, and his big face squeezed into a couple of fashion "slippers." But *The Edge* Success landed back to an earlier time—a time when the men in the rock were men above all else, when the women stayed down in the choker and Boulder, Colorado, had been invented yet. The face of climbing now looks nothing like George Kennedy.

In 1950, there were, at most, three hundred show-and-people climbing rocks in the U.S., and the figure

is on its way to doubling, and many of these climbs—many of the best—are women. The sport's growth is largely a function of advances that have radically reduced the danger: better ropes, harnesses, helmets, and belay devices, and an array of anchoring rocks and techniques.

But if those developments have opened up traditional, or "trad," climbing to large numbers of folks, the advent of sport, or "red," climbing has redefined that number. The difference is that trad climbing requires the climber to place his anchors in the rock as he ascends. Red climbing routes are laid out in advance, marked out by a series of permanent bolts already drilled into the rock. The difference is similar to slicing unknown terrain, with its attendant unknown hazards and dead ends, versus taking a groomed trail. As a result, climbers are now routinely going up faces they would never have attempted before, and the sport's focus has shifted from conquering the pursuit unknown to the gymnastic feat this sport climbing has made both possible and safe. (To put this in perspective, the most difficult route climbed until the early 1980s registered a 5.10 or 5.11, out of a possible 5.14 on the Yosemite rating scale; the advent of sport climbing has made a 5.11 routine.)

### THE RISE OF THE WALL

Red climbers are less the heavy men on the recent days of the late cardiovascular wankers. They are technicians, acrobats, neoclassics—training themselves under by motion. Enter the climbing gym. The explosion in sport climbing—one mogul says it now easily constitutes half the market—has brought with it the rise of the indoor wall.

Like many developments in climbing, indoor walls began in Europe. In 1965, Leeds University built a special wall for its climbing club. Such walls gradually spread across the Continent but were usually designed for beginners. Then, in 1976, the first indoor competition was held near Avignon, France; America's first came a year later in Snowbird.

Now there are some two hundred major walls open to clubs, plus another three hundred odd "home brew" climbing gyms at gyms and businesses. By far the largest name in indoor walls is

Irona Fitness USA, a Bend, Oregon, company that has built more than a thousand of them here and in Europe. It has just completed a twenty-meter wall for the Olympic stadium in Lillehammer, using its current state of the art, the curved Irona. Wall Systems—modular mount rock panels that can be configured to almost any scale or specification, including "overhangs," "cracks," "flicks," and "deadends." On this basic canvas, belated handholds and footholds—resembling the features of natural rock—can be arranged and rearranged almost infinitely. Irona even markets sets of signature holds, designed by America's red-climbing badasses.

### TRAD REBORN

Although most climbers who "climb plastic" do go out and climb rock, fewer are using techniques associated with traditional climbing. Most of our market involves people who don't know trad climbing," says Rich Johnson, owner of the Vertical Club in Seattle, the country's first commercial climbing gym. "Trad climbing opinions aren't even a factor in the market anymore."

There is, in fact, occasional hostility between trad climbers and their red counterparts. The trad climber does not dispute an indoor climbing wall in itself—in fact, during summer or when it's raining, he probably means there. And some respect the discipline and precision of trad climbing training, how they have bank up their muscles and tendons and increased the level of climbing skill. But as one half notes, some trad climbers think sport climbers are not true climbers, that "these guys breed gymnastic monkeys who wouldn't have the guts to make even easy moves right handed but off the back and on lead."

Trad climbers also take exception to the fact that sport climbing outside the gym requires drilling into the rock and leaving bolts behind as permanent features. Johnson says he once saw a guy get his jaw broken in Yosemite for drilling bolts.

All of which is to say, think carefully about the profile you present to the outside world. Nothing should prevent you from learning some trad skills even in the gym. But if you get hooked on sport climbing, make sure you read lightly in

trad strongholds—places like Yosemite or the Shawangunks in New York.

### BOOK IT INDOORS

The gym is a great place to start, for two reasons. First, it's perfectly safe, even for kids. (They take to climbing as if they had a gene for it.) Second, it's cheap. Or cheaper. A minimal indoor climb runs \$150 to \$200 (for shoes, harness, chalk bag, and other hardware), while going up for real rock will take anywhere from \$450 on up to \$5,000 and beyond for a full set of equipment.

Up against it: La Irona Fitness Import wall at the Sporting Club in Irvine, California.



Gyms usually have several payment schemes. For example, at Go Vertical in Stamford, Connecticut—the largest gym on the East Coast—you can pay by the day (\$11), the month (\$30), or the year (\$375). Special off-peak and group rates can take these down a peg or two. Go Vertical and most other gyms require new clients to demonstrate basic skills before they can climb alone, if you don't have them, they will teach you, so you can climb with a friend who does. It should also be said that sport climbing is a gym, while building, training, and certain kinds of techniques, does not necessarily prepare you for every craggy outcrop on the cliffs.

### III. BOATBUILDERS ARE FLOATING SOME NEW IDEAS

**THE KAYAK.** Paul Theriault wrote recently, "it isn't unchanged in its basic design, because for its size it is as near as possible to being a perfect boat. In one sense, it is not even a boat but rather something that you wear that keeps you afloat."

Kayaks have been around for thousands of years—in the Alaskan barren lands, west Greenland, Pitagoras, Heron Kruger, who claims to have paddled more miles than anyone else (legally) in thousands of years, including a trip from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn), calls the kayak "probably the oldest vehicle used by man, and probably the most efficient." And if you've ever seen one spling down rapids or skimming upstream like some polymerized

waterfowl, you know what he means.

But let's face it, there is something counterintuitive about slipping into the narrow nose of a traditional kayak and drawing the spray skirt tight about your waist, about a sport in which "rolling"—capturing—a one of the first skills you must master. Not the gift a responsible parent gives a child.

Until now. The boom in kayaking has raised the sport's profile to the point that real money has begun to flow into design. Both intentionally (as part of an effort to sell kayaks to more people, including females) and fortuitously (by pushing the limits of design for their own adventure-addicted personal) designers have come up with two variations on the theme that are far more enticing to the so-yet-unwashed.

#### THE BOOM: INFLATED FOR INFLATION

The first variation is the inflatable kayak—the IK, so the trade. Inflatables aren't new to themselves; they've been around since the late 1950s. But now they're good. The all-joined and cumbersome "ducky" is a thing of the past.

Much of the motivation for perfecting the IK came from white-water rafters who wanted to run rivers on boats or in too shallow for hard-shell kayaks or canoes. They wanted a vessel that would go on long, rocky drops rather than dive like a piece of rubber or shatter in a boulder. As riverine grew, construction was refined so that the tubes forming the boat's side walls tapered at bow and stern. This, combined with more rigid materials, meant that the new breed of IK was almost as responsive—and almost as fast—as the traditional hard-shells.

But the beauty of the IK is that it is an open boat. Its safety advantage was not lost on the freaks responsible for its evolution, and it should not be lost on you. Your attachment to the boat is limited in most cases to a set of hand braces and thigh straps, you are otherwise free to bail out on any time.

The new breed of IK, therefore, offers the unthinkable, a beginner's boat that will serve you well off the way through to Class V white water. You can suit out your one-year-old on one of these things, and he will still be using a six years later when he's "interceding" with the snowboarders in their summer phantasy. You can teach yourself the mechanics of the craft and gradually work your way into rapidly making little more than a good feeling. What's more, now that many of the country's best kayakers are using IKs, you can keep your head up as you go down the river—or under it, in the case may be.

#### THE ORIGINAL GET-ON TOP

The second major development in kayaking is the so-called sit-on-top. Like the IKs, sit-on-tops make excellent emergency boats. Unlike the IKs they suffer no residual stigma of use. They are the hottest thing going. And although they generally can't handle the class of white water that a "performance" IK is capable of negotiating, sit-on-tops do as one designer says, "allow any idiot to get on a boat and go down white water."

Especially, sit-on-tops look like chunky surfboards, generally one to twelve feet long, with a rounded cavity molded into the body. Thigh braces and footlocks are integral, a backrest and thigh straps make up the rest of



**JULY 1**  
started  
the end of  
60th-year  
Extreme Games.

Results of the week's events are available at the writing, of course, but the landing is possible. Since 258 "adventure sport athletes" will have completed for \$250,000 in prize money, paraded out in the winners of twenty-seven different competitions. Some of the extremes are perfectly reasonable—

mountain biking, in-line skating, skateboarding, and sport climbing, even hang-gliding seems rapidly acceptable. But even here truly bizarre ones grow in the manufactured-hysteria department. In July, KITI-SKIDING "Competitors perform on either one or two water slides with a large ball, or like, attached by two gyrfalcons to the mast. Sailing speeds reach forty to fifty miles per hour." \$100,000 prize. "A person traveling as fast as no look off the road surface at



Street racer, first time.

His measures, like, rails, and spins in a lowball during a 120-mile-per-hour race 100 times over the

descent fast to the air... Descented routines of jumps, drops, and gymnastic maneuvers are performed while being videotaped with a helmet-mounted camcorder... Soaring is based on the rider's tricks as well as on the quality and creativity of the ride. The sky-surfing ride will be played live on a giant outdoor video wall—flashed by a high-quality sound system blaring off the edge rock if rail music is not the action for spectators." Bigger.

the hardware. More stable than traditional hard-shells, they track and handle better than most medieval inflatables. They are also accessible—a nice feature.

#### NOVEMBER

If paddling around in the vast and splendorous universe isn't enough for you, there's the white-water rodeo. Kayaking has to be the only field of human endeavor in which being known for a "nutcase ending" is something to be proud of. "Rodeos" for shore, the term describes not a measure but the cost measure of freestyle kayaking. It is to the kayak what the wheelie is to the bicycle.

The Whimsical Rodeo is a great professional choice in which the world's top kayakers flip, spin, and cartwheel themselves into a frenzy in front of TV cameras and a panel of judges who

award points on the basis of the number and difficulty of "trick moves" and artistic expression. All in an All-in Class II competition, of course.

Most rodeos include a slalom or downriver race, but the real crowd pleasers are the freestyle, whose entire performance takes place in one boiling boat on the river. The river's hydrodynamics provide them with a natural treadmill, as force is used to leverage the boat into the air. The kayaker's body and paddle provide the English, and the river is motion history, a frenzy of spins with names like the Whippet and the Polish Enema. Good luck.

#### GETTING YOUR PADDLE WET

It will take time to get into the performance inflatables (Lazoo versions start as low as \$100, but you should

shoot higher). Sit-on-tops will set you back \$200 to \$300 for a top-of-the-line model. Traditional hard-shells generally sell for \$300 to \$500 for a name brand such as Dagger or Perception.

Always take a kayak for a test drive; there are generally trade-offs to be made between performance, comfort, and stability. Getting a little instruction before you buy will make you a better judge. On the West Coast, call the Ocean Bar Lodge Kayak School in Parks of Solano, California (916-468-0770), in the Northeast, call the Outdoor Center of New England in Milford Hills, Massachusetts (617-699-1948), in the Southeast, call the North Carolina Outdoor Center in Bryson City, North Carolina (704-488-0055). These are three of the best schools in the country; they'll be happy to refer you to others closer to home.

### Cool Kayaks

The Ocean Kayak Vahool: One of the best new sit-on-top kayaks, with molded seats and leg brackets (\$599).



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## The Spacecase

BY MICHAEL DALY

SWANN MADE A FEWER BOLE afford to his lapel as he once more sat with Coleman at the subway soda fountain. He sipped his coffee and absently suggested a size of tunnel beside the marbling of an arriving train coming to him with no more moment than might the sound of the wheels at the station. Swann then heard the train begin blowing the long-short signal of an emergency. He and Coleman were already off their stools when the wild-eyed faces of a posse appeared from the tracks below.

The teenagers were taking several steps at a time, materializing in a few great bounds. They hit the top with their arms pumping, their legs churning, their stockings slipping the concrete, the emergency signal continuing to blare behind them.

On seeing Swann and Coleman, the posse scattered, sat, maybe blushed in all directions. The only thing to do was grab the nearest one, and Swann brought down a gangly teenager with the sort of tackle he might have encountered in high school if he had made the team.

The teenager fought to escape, and Swann once again felt young, desperate flesh struggling under him. Swann fought that much harder, not to hurt, but to stop. He spoke quietly as the teenager howled.

"Don't make me tell you," Swann said.

Swann dug a knee in the teenager's lower back and managed to bring the arms together and snap to the back-cuffs. He heard another cry of pain, and he looked over to see that Coleman had somehow managed to bring down a teenager at least fifty pounds heavier than himself. She had a drunk's look around the teenager's ear and an index finger under his nose, and when she yanked back, the pain caused him to howl and snap his teeth. She yanked again.

"Do it," Coleman said.

Her teenager complied, and Coleman slipped on the cuffs and looked over at Swann. He was not moving the dull, resentful gaze of a civil servant making another collar for dollars. Her eyes were shining, and he was sure she was breathing hard from more than exertion. He was sure she was looking with precisely the same excitement that charged his own chest.

"What I do?" Coleman's teenager asked.

Coleman yanked the teenager in his hair. He had not looked so big with Coleman sitting atop him, but when

During nearly two decades of covering New York City (for the *Daily News* and *New York* magazine), Michael Daly developed a fascination with subway cops "because they're outside the myth," he says. "No lights, no sirens, no 377D blue." His tough, darkly funny first novel, *Under Ground*, published by Little, Brown, chronicles the exploits of Jack Swann, who patrols the fearsome labyrinth. In this excerpt, Swann and his partner, Simone Coleman, come upon every rider's nightmare—a wolf pack of marauding teenagers has pushed a woman onto the tracks, into the path of a train.



they stood side by side, her hand was even with his shoulder. "Why don't we go find out?" Coleman said.

Coleman grabbed an upper arm about as thick as her neck and led the teenagers down the steps. Swann followed with his prisoners, and now he could hear screams between the longhorn blasts of the horn. He saw that the train was stopped three quarters of the way into the station and that a crowd was gathering by the second car.

A man reeled out of the crowd and screamed. Others were crawling their necks, struggling to see what had caused the oars in the front to gather. Those who could see stood mesmerized, and Swann had to shout. "Yoboi!" repeatedly as he shoved his prisoner through.

Swann saw a single thighback shoe on the concrete, and then he himself went mute. A young black woman in a pink dress lay pinned at the waist in the two-inch gap between the car and the platform. She was what train cops call a "spaceman."

"I didn't push her," Swann's prisoner said. "She went up," the other teenager said.

"She wouldn't let go," Swann's prisoner said. The woman was chest down, and her face was turned to the side. Her right hand was close by her head, clutching the strap of her oversized black leather handbag. Her left arm was outstretched, the hand dangling weakly.

Swann left his prisoner with Coleman and lay down by the woman. She was unconscious, and her half-open eyes did not seem to see the face inches away. Her outstretched neck was scratching the concrete, and he took her hand for a moment. She moaned softly.

"It's a police officer," Swann said. "An ambulance is on the way."

Coleman was trying to radio an ambulance, but of course the portable did not work. Swann rose to guard the teenagers while she dialed to the pay phone. He looked over his shoulder at the ring of faces and asked if any body had seen what had happened. They all stood silent, their eyes going from Swann and the teenagers to the woman.

Two cops appeared from the crowd. They were not happy to see Swann, but they agreed to lead him a flashlight and to watch the prisoners. He lowered himself through the larger gap while the firm and second car aligned.

Swann squirmed in the dark space between the undercarriage and the tracks. The flashlight beam caught a pair of bare legs, and he saw that the woman was wearing the second thighback shoe. Blood dripped off the toe.

Swann ran the light up the dangling legs and the rimless of blood. He saw that the hem of the pink dress had been pulled up into a snarl of clothing and torn flesh. Instruments hung in red-and-blue loops. He caught a strong odor of cancer.

Swann scrambled back onto the platform and saw that the crowd had grown. Coleman had returned, and the two, was asking if there were any witnesses to what had happened. Nobody spoke, and nobody tried to do so to confess what was known as a "shower."

Swann took the prisoners to within the woman's field of vision and ordered them to lie flatdown. They knelt headfirst before her and then dropped their shoulders

and gently eased themselves onto their sides. They finally relaxed onto their stomachs.

Swann again lay beside the woman and took her hand. Her upper half was unattended and not even her makeup was disturbed. He saw the greater black lines drawn under the lower lids of her unconscious eyes.

Swann asked the woman if she could speak, and her mouth opened slightly, the gloss on the lips fresh, unsmudged, a pink to match her dress. No words came, and he told her to squeeze his hand twice if she could hear what he was saying. He felt her fingers tighten once and again. He said he was going to ask her some questions and he wanted her to squeeze twice if the answer was yes, once if the answer was no.

"Do you understand?"

Two squeaks.

"Do you know what happened to you?"

Two squeaks.

"Did somebody push you?"

Two squeaks.

"Do you recognize anybody here?"

Pause. Swann watched the woman's eyes become more focused as they fixed on the face of one teenager. The eyes then moved to the other. Two squeaks.

"Are these two of the young men who pushed you?"

No pause. Two squeaks.

Swann now paused. To give the woman's statement the greatest weight, he would have to take what was known as a "diving declaration."

"Do you know you are about to die?"

Pause. Two squeaks, slow.

"Do you know you have no hope of survival?"

No pause. Two squeaks, fast.

"Is everything you have told me the truth?"

No pause. Two squeaks, even.

Swann squeezed back once and then a second time. He held on to her hand as Coleman dragged the teenagers out of the woman's view and the paramedics did what little they could. A crew of emergency-service cops stepped air bags between the car and the platform.

"I'm gonna stay right here," Swann said.

The woman's eyes had lost their focus.

"Take a cow," Swann said.

Swann heard the cough of a compressor and the hiss of the air bags inflating. The woman must have sensed that something was happening, for there was a sudden glint of awareness in her eyes. Swann tried to hold that last glimmer of what was her in his grip.

"I'm here," Swann said.

The air bags rocked the car away from the platform, and the crushing pressure on the woman's waist was suddenly released. Her muscles slumped to the tracks, and her pretty face paled under her still perfect makeup. Her eyes lost their glimmer, going wide and fixed and dead.

"I'm here," Swann said.

A final gap escaped her freshly glossed lips and reached Swann's face on a ray of air. He caught a frown, kinder again, and he felt her hand close with what might have been a quiver or a last hard squeeze, a final No? The gap then relaxed, and he felt the fingers open to the half curl of the dead. ■

## Reshaping men's and women's fashion. Versace in a quiet mode.

On Fashion: Woody Hochswender

# The Great Shape Up

**A** BIG SHAPE shift is taking place in fashion. Men's wear has gone back to a more structured and fitted silhouette—a tipped waist, higher armholes—in some cases calling to mind the rigorous styles of Pierre Cardin and Yves Saint Laurent. But

shapeliness is in, in the wider sense. The movement began in women's clothing, where the return to sculpted shapes and figure-enhancing styles can be seen as a reaction to the farinless waist look of recent years (a look that, incidentally, did not sell). Managers to the New Look of Christian Dior, circa 1947, with its waist-and-hip-enhancing girdles, appeared on several Paris runways, including those of John Galiano and Jean Paul Gaultier. Contradictory details have been seen in evening dresses and suits at leading fashion houses like Chanel.

These corvettes of high fashion correspond to developments in low fashion, where figure-enhancing glimmers are the rage. Push-up-lens sales have been phenomenal; the Wonderbra being one of the few bona fide fashion-brand success stories of recent years. This summer, the makers of Code Miro jeans for women introduced a new Muscle Boost jean that lifts and enhances the bottom. (Take a woman's clothes off these days and you're liable to get something on the order of an avalanche.)

Since many of the designers who make important women's collections also do men's—Giorgio Armani, Ralph Lauren, Calvin Klein, Donna Karan, and Richard Tyler—the crossover of body-conscious design was inevitable. (This process follows history: Cardin in the 1980s was the first famous woman's designer to see the design possibilities of men's



On figures sculpted suits for men and women by Dolce & Gabbana. Left: Gianni Versace, above and David Byrne below. Left: Body-sugging underwear and trousers, below by Calvin Klein.



"The key word is *slim*. It's a broad-shoulder look with a slim chest. If you want to walk into a room and be dynamic, this is it."

—RALPH LAUREN

wine and adapted his ideas to suits. He was followed closely by Hardy Amies, John Wren, (Oleg Cassini and Bill Blass) As in the past, the fitted suit is figure-flattering and under-

scores an athletic physique. But men are not about to give up the hard-won comfort they have been accustomed to, so the new suits are more forgiving than the constricted tailoring of earlier eras. The key element that distinguishes them from previous close-to-the-body styles is stretch fabric. The addition of Lycra spandex to wool allows for greater freedom of movement than has ever been possible during past phases of fitted fashions.

The shoulders of the men's jackets are slightly broader to balance the suppressed waist. Ralph Lauren, perhaps the most astute exponent of this fitter shape, has built his new hundreds-worth collection around a very strong shoulder that projects upward from a sharply indented waist.

Shirts and sweaters are being tapered for a closer fit. Designers like Paul Smith and John Bartlett actually make tailored shirts with darts in the back to emphasize the male form. Tapered slacks are also part of the new trimmer silhouette. The tall, double-pleated trousers that have come to dominate both the dressy and casual men's-wear scenes in just the last decade or so are starting to give ground to slim, tapered pants with unpleated fronts. This is hardly good news for the belly-browsers, with their expanding midsections, who probably hope it's all just a blip on the fashion radar. In the meantime, jogging slacks are in order.

**Photographs by Troy Ward**

**PRODUCED BY JOHN MATHER**

**Opposite:** Double-breasted suit, button-down shirt, stripe vest, white shirt, silk tie, and velvet pocket square by Ralph Lauren Collection.

**Right:** No. 1000, cashmere and wool suit, cotton shirt, and silk tie by Ermenegildo Zegna. Collection: InterContinental by Zegna.



**Opposite:** Double-breasted, notched lapels and silk-blend vest—modern suit with silk tie by Giorgio Armani.

**Right:** Three-button wool and rayon suit, notched lapels, silk tie and leather boots by Donna Karan.

"Precise cut is in the fashion air, for women as well as men. The relaxed-fit jacket has become status quo. I feel it's time to propose an alternative."

—GIORGIO ARMANI



*"The return to shape is all about sensuality and... looking pulled together. The body-defining suit lets a man project himself."*

—DONNA KARAN

LOOKING AT THE TALL, THIN MODEL AT THE FASHION WEEK, DONNA KARAN

**Opposite** Single-breasted, three-button wool suit, cut on short, and silk tie by Don by Donna Karen and the jewelry made by Giorgio Armani

**Right** Six-button wool/silk single suit by Lauren, matching shirt by Baldessarini, silk tie by Don by Donna Karen, strap shoes by T. Hart by Adam Lippman, watch by Cartier

For more information see page 116





No glistening pectorals.  
No wild boys in white jeans.  
Just perfectly tailored  
clothes from Gianni Versace.

# Genteel Gianni

Photographs by Diego Uchitel

Three-button wool coat-cum-skirt suit, cotton poplin shirt, pleated wool tuxedo trousers, silk tie, and leather boots by Gianni Versace. Opposite: Her suit, trench coat and boots by Gianni Versace.

**N**O ONE else ever earned Gianni Versace his big billing. He is famous for making unfashioned, boys-to-be-wild fashions, from men's printed shirts and skin-tight leathers to women's fabulously sexy dresses that open almost as far as the waist. As Versace himself readily admits, he has built his worldwide reputation on the extremes of fashion. But he also has a quiet side. In any given season, most of the way systems, Versace often a mix of wearable clothes. This is simply what a world expert from someone with international businesses that the company estimates, generates more than \$500 million a year; his own and that much to each year. Among fashionable women, a busy Versace skirted out, with the velvet robes and the chunky, metal-encased buttons, has become almost as recognizable and acceptable a style signature as Chanel's. For men, Versace makes relatively double-breasted and pastries wool coats that you wouldn't give a second thought to in the office (unless perhaps you missed the single-breasted slacks). He doesn't go far as to say he's not a designer, but they're his own, a strong, simple cut—single-breasted, of course—and his own fabrics. For the fall, the designer has concentrated on fluid, single-breasted one-button jackets and mid-length tops and as model long trousers.

Glenn-plaid double-breasted wool coat, glenn-plaid single-breasted one-button wool coat, cotton shirt, and silk tie by Gianni Versace.



Double-breasted wool-and-cashmere coat, glenn-plaid wool trousers, cotton shirt, silk tie, and leather boots by Gianni Versace. The double-breasted jacket, broadsword dress, and shoes by Gianni Versace.



Powerful double-breasted wool coat, pleated single-breasted skirt, shiny wool suit, velvet shirt, with tie, and studs  
 made by Gianni Versace. Her toned suit and shoes by Gianni Versace. Opposite: Her outfit, bracelet and by Gianni Versace.

For more information see page 120.





## CARS

Phil Patton

# Plymouth Rocks

**D**USTY ROAD RUNNERS Reminds: Fury The names of old Plymouths evoke a lot of muscle cars and cartoon decals, squaring tires and straightforward acceleration. But since the mid-1980s, when Chrysler had its back to the wall, Plymouth has languished, becoming a near-synonym for failure. It offers successful vehicles—the Voyager minivan and Neon subcompact—but they are bought on their own account, not as Plymouth products. That may change when the Breeze appears in showrooms late this year. It's the first Plymouth in years with the traditional Plymouth qualities: fun and economy.

Established in 1928, Plymouth built its reputation as the rock of value. It was Chrysler's Chevy, the car for people whose ancestors did not come over on the Mayflower, offering such colonial values as "endurance and strength, rugged homing and freedom from limitations." Only in the 1960s did Plymouth become the muscle-car brand, when designers such as Elwood Engel shaped fishbaked, deep-crested performance cars around Chrysler's legendary "Hemi" engine. And now that the Road Runner who helped across the desert trail of the most famous of these cars has made his comeback, howard zero meg and rag by Warner Brothers, it's high time for Plymouth to be reevaluated.

At Chrysler, a "renaissance man" has been working to redefine what a Plymouth is—or, in marketing-speak, "move the brand." The new image is embodied in a new badge that updates the original Mayflower masque with the addition of a spinnaker, so the national consolation becomes less refuge for the hapless than happy yachtsmen. Another result of the team's work is the Breeze, Plymouth's version of the highly praised J4 car—the Chrysler Cirrus/Dodge Stratus—the basic shape of those cars was the vision of Michael Sorenson, the young designer who formerly deflected that, having grown up studying vehicles from his Queens apartment building, he shaped the J4 cars to look good from above.

With its short hood and high deck, the J4 design pushes Chrysler's signature "cab forward" arrangement even further into a configuration called "wheels at the corners." This arrangement lends the car an athleticness; it also provides generous interior space. The Breeze will be agile, like a quill or refined power plant, and the transmission enters towards that do not provide resistance about its longevity. But even these qualities are, well, Plymouth-like, recalling the restless mavericks of its last heyday. The Breeze's look

also offers something like the feel of the muscle cars—aggressive, if not downright subliminal—in the embossing of its shape, like the old Daimers and Road Runners.

Detroit has been widely castigated for its abuse of "badge engineering"—the practice of clapping a new nameplate and different trim on the same car to create brand variety. But the Breeze seems likely to stand out from its siblings: there are significant differences in the look and feel of the tripartite. The Cirrus, the premium J4 model, with a V-6 engine, looks much to share the signature Chrysler halberd grille. Its shape works best when supposed to be with a color such as black or military gray. While the Stratus wears Dodge's "jungle" face, the Breeze wears the shape with a more controlled look, anchored by the eye-catch grille that is a traditional Plymouth brand cue.

Plymouth has been signaling its new direction with a series of cars that, the company says, represent "motorized billboards" advertising the badge's future. The first of these, the hot-rodd inspired Proclaim, should see limited production in 1996 and should do for Plymouth what the Viper did for

Dodge. The Breeze (first shown as a concept car at the Detroit auto show in January), the Neon, Viper, and the Breeze Black mini sports car served as successful workhorses on back roads. In an effort to get the word back in its ads, Plymouth is entering of "the active-youth market," youth and activity being unapproachable virtues, even for those who possess neither. "Thank you, thank Plymouth!" runs the new if hardly novel, slogan.

Brand revitalization is big in Detroit. Chevy has successfully gone to a "younger Chevrolet" image, reviving such exemplars as Monte Carlo and Impala SS. Oldsmobile is struggling for a new image to match its new logo-type. But for Plymouth, the new badge is aimed at restoring the value image, too. The Breeze will probably cost less than the Cirrus or the Stratus. Riders emerging anywhere are shocked buyers—especially younger ones—into looking at used cars. And with the strong yen, the small Japanese cars that once offered four-car buyers their last bargain as hard-pressed to compete with American models. Plymouth sets an opportunity for the Breeze to impress with sportiness at a reasonable price. The car is impressive, but the name may be a little too mild. When Plymouth was at its heyday it gave us the Thunder, with its little cartoon-tomato decal. ■



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## BOOKS

Will Blythe

# The Return of the Lone Stranger

**I**N LIGHT OF ALL THE postmodernism that, like killer bees, have swarmed out of France during the last thirty years, intent on terrorizing and colonizing the once-sleepy lives of our American universities, it's an especially sweet comic in allegory to look back on an even earlier Gallic export—existentialism. Compared with deconstructionism, postmodernism appears, with quaint and lovely in its old-fashioned barbarism, no matter what it seemed like in the 1940s. The individual, it was suggested, when confronted with an absurd universe, could overcome existential nausea by acting authentically. How comfortable that "authentic" now feels, how familiar the "nausea," how charming the notion of "authenticity." Existentialism, from our provisional, postmodern perspective, endures as a flickering 1940s light in the Humphrey Bogart of philosophy—dark, tough-talking, but with a romantic, even sentimental, interior.

And as metaphors, no matter of that era seems to better embody the alienation and sweet anachronism of that philosophy than Albert Camus, which is ironic, considering that he was hardly an exemplar of good standing, according to his adversary Jean-Paul Sartre. Nonetheless, since Camus's work portrays characters bumping their belekked heads against an absurd universe, it can be said to show many of our postmodernists' central concerns. It's clear now that Camus was not a particularly unsettling philosopher anyway. But if his journals, with their earnestness and high-minded seriousness, sometimes make him sound like the M. Scott Peck of the existential movement, his resistance to most dogmas of the time and his warm-blooded liberal ennui seem comfortable enough, though less clear on more apophyseal investigations. When one comes to his fiction capturing an original thinker, one finds there is less to Camus than meets the eye. On the other hand, if one is looking for an authentic post of sensation who (ironically) goes his reputationally sideways as the life of the mind has the pleasures of randomness of the body then Camus's *Hindenberg*, *Myself* and *Myself* are the place to be.

These impressions are confirmed by the arrival of Camus's final novel, *The First Man* (Knopf), the manuscript of which was removed from the wreckage of the author's final air crash of January 8, 1959. Since it's an intended draft, it would be unfair to judge the novel too severely. Nonetheless, the publication, which has been authorized at last by Camus's daughter, proves a mixed blessing. As a glimpse into the chaotic Camus's youth, *The First Man* is a gratifying document, more revealing, according to his daughter, than it would have been had Camus lived, to revise it. As philosophy,

it is existentialism rehearsed in the microwave, but as a sensitive evocation of the Algerian landscape, both urban and rural, and its inhabitants, who are so uncomplaining in their poverty as the rocks and sand and ocean that surrounded them, it reveals Camus's considerable struggles as a novelist.

At the age of forty, Jacques Cormery is undergoing the Camusian equivalent of a midlife crisis. That means that instead of leaving his wife or changing jobs or buying a sports car, he sets off on a metaphysical quest to learn some things, mostly truth about his father, who died in the First World War, when Jacques was an infant. He abandons France for his childhood home of Algeria to make the sounds of those who knew his father and discover that this particular dead man has as much to tell, hardly anyone remembers anything about him. Even Jacques's mother can recall essentially little about her husband. Unable to reconstruct his father's identity, the protagonist tries to reconstruct his own by remembering his family and the unrepentant circumstances of his upbringing in a poor quarter of Algiers. It's a daring mission, but for my money the more thrilling aspect of *The First Man* is Jacques's quest for personal authenticity to achieve it. It's a characteristic, nearly Buddhist resistance in Camus's work to the dissolution of individualism in favor of looking in the mirror like a stone on a hot day.

In the end, *The First Man* is mainly a nostalgic resurrection of Camus's Algerian childhood, which is especially interesting since the novel was composed in the late 1950s, during the Algerian war of independence. There are a few pointed and glancing references to the conflict, but the novel largely has a retreat to a simpler time [for Camus, anyway].

There are critics, Edward Said among them, who deride Camus's work because it explicitly denials the French colonization of Algeria. (Camus's ancestors were among the colonizers, so his ambivalence is understandable.) I am, however, Said misses the point. You might as well berate Hemingway for writing so little about the corrupt Batista regime in Cuba. As *The Stranger* and the bare parts of *The First Man* make clear, Camus—like Hemingway—was first and foremost a native rhapsodist of sun and rain and dust and desert solitude. His philosophy—if it can be called that at all—is a sort of lyrical realism. Eat, drink, and be merry, for today you may die. His representative protagonists—Meursault in *The Stranger*, Cormery in *The First Man*—are Robinson Crusoes who wake up lost-stranded from an afternoon nap on the island of their own alienation and go wandering alone out into the world, mystified but happy, in a splendid state of solitude. It may be an absurd world, but it's better than solipsism.

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(continued from page 12) said, "How could you?" as Mike Hammer shot her in the belly and told her it was easy. "I know it would sell it find the market criteria. The first page sells that book, the last page sells the rest," says Spillane, who always wrote for the market, beginning with paperback originals.

Mike Hammer lived in a single world. He would build himself a drink, knock one loose from his desk of Lucile, and fight off with the 45 that had one more people on the long road than he would have liked. The bartender at the Blue Ribbon took one look into Hammer's eyes that had seen too much and leave he needed a double charge of CC and ginger. Hammer was a man with a scarred body but a whole psyche, a man with a code who needed a little respite before the next quest for vicious revenge. Many men wanted to be him and many women wanted to love him. Hammer burned long and hard for his secretary, Wally, one loyal doll, his Karen, one of the fringe girls in clothes that can't help but tug their hawking coarseness. Sometimes a doll was a comrade, sometimes she would open her trench coat and be a man (he was first with this twist), sometimes she was rotten and Mike would have to let her on fire, but mostly she was a cat. Resists walking, trench coat opened on bare flesh, legs blasted, lips were warm and wet and full.

"So punch me in the mouth with your lips," says Mike Hammer.

"Jeez, we're here," says Mickey, a little nervously notifying his third wife as we approach the big wooden house he rebuilt after Hurricane Hugo destroyed the original. The same house on the same spot. Cats are watching their tails on the porch, slinking all over the house like Spillane's dolls. He knew Jane first as the little girl down the road he used to shoot from his house (Robbed, robbery anyway because he was "the man who wrote dirty books"). He calls her his fifth child. "She is like a secretary little dog," he says.

"The O.J. trial is on two sets. 'I got her hooked on me,'" says Mickey. Both of the Spillanes believe Stargroup is important, because of the absence of blood splatters, suspicious police work and the fact that "if a millionaires want someone killed, he pays to have it done."

"Unless it is a crime of passion."

"No one kills themselves over a girl.... Over the death of a girl, maybe," he says, his light eyes coming far away.

Just keeps light fighting corruption in Henry County and is a star in the local paper. She believes she has solved a local murder case. She has been on television, has received death threats, and is convinced that their phones are tapped.

We enter the pecky-cypress house, her collection of Blue Willow, her power, the study filled with foreign editions of Spillane, tapes of his TV appearances, boxes of promotional and autograph cards—all the accoutrements of fame cut short. Well-read Bibles are all over the house. On one wall, the Spillane crew, with the name, a word was missing. There's a shelf of the dead tapes he listens to. Two of his four grown children stop by.

"I have a matured upstairs," he says, meaning his Search-Casino. He used to get so excited when he wrote that he would punch through the paper, destroy the machine. He types on long yellow paper-impregnated because he likes it to read like a book. There's a small can of gas oil next to the machine for the keys.

"You want to see a body out up? A picture of someone who was tortured to death?" he says, producing his Medallion Images of Death.

On a shelf of awards, there is his 1992 Edgar Allan Poe Grand Master award from the Mystery Writers of America. ("I prefer checks," he says.) When Spillane won, Donald E. Westlake and he had changed the trophy field by introducing male emotion. "Reviewers looked him, academics ignored him, and the other mystery writers... did [their] best to deny him." He was always an outsider, as Mickey says, "so the funny ones who had to stick a cigarette in a holder in order to smoke it," to those who kept saying to him, "Where are you going to write a good book?" "I have," he would say. "Twenty-seven of them."

Mickey and I are in the study, discussing this, when the sex matter breaks and we fall on the floor. Jane makes a tiny sound. Mickey seizes from the study into the kitchen. Outside, he goes for the broom and starts sweeping up the fallen cubes.

He gets something out of his fist

cabinet, and there in the bottom drawer is a picture of a very pretty girl, her face as a makeup in the style of the 1940s.

"That's Wally. That was my doll. She's dead now. I was engaged to her before the war." Her real name was Wally.

"I can't say too much. You know women—gracias."

Frank Morrison Spillane was born in Brooklyn, an only child. He moved to New Jersey, where he was the only Irish kid in a Polish neighborhood, then to Queens. He started writing comics and pulp fiction in high school. He went to Yeshiva State University in Kansas, where he played football. He worked for Olanoff in the days when he claims it turned down *The Old Man and the Sea* because Hemingway wasn't anyone. He married after World War II and taught high school. He has been a diver, road crew, involved with the circus, the thrown ones and lawyers and has done a lot of police work. As a professional liar, "he lived the large load of life that had him to Albert Einstein, Agnès Ruedi (a fan of his), Elvis, and a date with Holy Lennor."

He believes we are close to Armageddon. He thinks there will be "mass nuclear wars with red police in the woods," heading toward nihilism.

"I was the kind of stuff I like to read," he says. "I never expected to know anything but come out of it. I'm in the moment and I have a slogan. The man who says it can't be done is always interrupted by the man who just did it."

It's not easy to get a Mickey Spillane book now. He is in the living death of being a writer mostly out of print, alive in foreign editions or in calligraphic-sleeve paperback heaven as mystery bookstores. "Oh, wow" and the clerk at Barnes & Noble when I had him look up Spillane and the list of titles told. The last time Mickey Spillane walked into the Dorset offices, they gave him the "You can't read" treatment.

"They used to treat me like a king," he says. And so he went back to his house on the creek to finish his thirteenth Hammer, the tale of which refers to death. Spillane has been there before. He rebuilt his life after a stroke and a hurricane. It's one of his devices to start a book with the end, then work his way back to it. Mickey Spillane still has a few good surprise endings left. ■

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# A Wild Man Proper

**A**RE YOU MARRIED?" he says to the lady girl, who giggles behind her hand. "You know how you eat worms? You bite off the head, suck out the guts, spit out the skin."

"I know you. Who are you?" she asks.  
"Gustave Sundelius," says the man, who used to wear amateur wrestling trunks under this name before he sold two hundred million books and became the most widely read and fifth most translated writer in the world.

"That's Mickey Spillane," says the mother. Mickey carries his black combed-over sweater out of the Surfside Cleaners and gets into the white Ford pickup he calls his Carolina Cadillac. He is wearing black and white, as he always does. There are Chex-Nips and orange-slice gumdrops on the seat. He does not bother with a seat belt.

Yesterday, he picked me up at the airport. I could not get my legs out of his hands. He took me around the city. We visited the place where the 1958 Jaguar XK60s that John Wayne gave him for winning *King of the Ring* were registered. He looked at the car as if it were a prize steered. While walking to him with his lips waving hello. We cruised a few antique stores, searching for a Blue Willow soup tureen missing from his collection. He saw an eighty-year-old friend, and they started shouting the words to "Georgia On My Mind" in unison.

He has been here in the sun, on the wings, in the hidden creases back of the South, for forty-one years. He has been here from the world of his detective, Mike Hammer, who lived hard in a place where rain was "the meat of the city."

"I've been here through four post offices," he says. In Myrtle Beach, there are about a hundred golf courses. "Golf played backward is flag," says Spillane, who does not play. He is a business, a craftsman, he is someone who occasionally has corners crows to the house and concepts as a famous man. Everyone knows him in this place where there are a lot of people of an age to remember. People who didn't read any books and people who read a lot of books read Mickey Spillane. Hence, millions of books sold.

Spillane found himself so thoroughly with Mike Hammer ("He only drinks, dances, or does what I do") that in fact, the names did not know what to make of this gruff man when

he hoisted garbage, ring doorbells, and went to Bible study classes with his church, the Jehovah's Witnesses. As we pass an abandoned airstrip, he says he doesn't fly airplanes.

"All I drink now you can put in one eye. It's good to be seventy-seven. I can get a nice glow from two hours."

Long before Martin Amis, Mickey Spillane understood that people were more interested in writers than in books. He had a certain early genius for shameless self-promotion. When convenient, he became Hammer. "I'm a character," he says. "Not lost to any in front of the public with all different angles." And so there were the nineteen years selling Mike Lin.

These days, he goes to boat shows and fishing tournaments for Johnson Outboards. He provides the stories for the Tekno comic book Mike Dugan, a prototype of Hammer. At the Disney World comic-book launch, he grabbed Mickey Mouse's paw and led the crowd in a chorus of "Mickey Spillane" as Leonard Nimoy who was also peddling a comic, stood dignified and unimpressed. "You should have worn the ears," Spillane said.

This is the Spillane pose. I'm not an author, I'm a writer. I do it only to keep the smoke.

I can write a book in a few weeks, never rewrite, never read galleys. Bad women don't matter.

After countless television negotiations on the writer's ego, here was a writer with no apparent ego, someone who flirts at the word end and says being famous is good only for getting a hotel room and cashing a check. "I have no talent," he says, assuming that thing you can lose. "I have a great mechanical aptitude." And he was educated.

Spillane had read Melville and all of Dumas by the time he was eleven, as fluffy about sentence structure, unimpressed in his success.

He is filled with stories and tells two with his trademark surprise endings. The endings began with his first book, *The Jury*, in 1947, and the woman who [continued on page 131]



**L, the Hammer Mickey Spillane, at home in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.**



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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.**

Finally, a welcome sign for both smokers and nonsmokers.  
Call 1-800-474-2444 for more information.

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15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# CITRUS ON A NEW WAVELENGTH

A central image of a Bacardi Limón bottle is set against a dark, moody background. In the background, silhouettes of people are dancing, with a warm, reddish-orange light source creating a hazy atmosphere. The bottle is white with a black label that reads "Ron BACARDI LIMÓN" and "ORIGINAL CITRUS RUM". Below this, it says "BACARDI RUM WITH NATURAL CITRUS FLAVORS". The bottle's neck has a white seal with the Bacardi bat logo. In the foreground, a series of wavy, yellow lines flow across the bottom, interspersed with numerous lemons and limes. At the bottom of the bottle, there is a section titled "MEDALS AWARDED TO BACARDI" showing several gold medals. Below the medals, it says "MADE WITH BACARDI RUM A PUERTO RICAN RUM - 35% ALC BY VOL." and "BACARDI AND BAT DEVICE REG. U.S. PAT. AND TM OFF."

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Medals awarded to Bacardi  
Produced by Bacardi and under the supervision of Serravallo, S.A.  
MADE WITH BACARDI RUM A PUERTO RICAN RUM - 35% ALC BY VOL.  
BACARDI AND BAT DEVICE REG. U.S. PAT. AND TM OFF.

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